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WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

THERE have been few recent moments when the question of TCHERNITCHESKY'S famous Nihilist novel was more appropriate on Englishmen's lips than at present. And though there are not many reasons for congratulation just now, it is at least such a reason that the answer appears to be seriously sought. We should be sorry to describe the statements made by the leaders of the two Houses on Thursday as illusory. But it is certain that neither Lord GRANVILLE'S ingenious slurring nor Mr. GLADSTONE'S painful and awkward apology can have given the worst-informed member of either House any information that he had not before, though both may have extinguished the last hope that the Government has conceived a definite policy for Egypt. On the other hand, there is before the House a vote of censure, which, if not exactly a masterpiece of wording, and requiring not a little strengthening of terms to make it equal to the public sentiment, at least gives the opportunity of arriving at a definite policy for the future. It is upon these documents that public opinion has now to decide. From a certain section, indeed, of the public, and from a considerable number of what are called by courtesy organs of public opinion, the old cry of perfect faith and satisfaction in Mr. GLADSTONE is still raised. Everything that the Government has done has been right; or, if not right, it has at any rate been infinitely better than anything that any other Government could possibly have done. The imaginary horrors which preceded 1880 are still compared with the imaginary blessings which have followed it. Englishmen are still invited to contrast the wickedness and damage of the rule which gave us Cyprus and the Transvaal and the command of the Suez Canal, which drove Russia from Cabul and Constantinople and averted a European war more serious than any which two generations had known, which left England a friend of the arbiters of Continental policy and in a position to hold her own everywhere, with the blessings and charms of a rule which has lost the Transvaal, brought Russia to the gates of Herat, lavished men and millions on a policy of self-denying stupidity, embroiled the country with every powerful European nation, and provoked by neglect or blundering action a scheme of foreign colonization hostile to English colonies in almost every quarter of the world. Mr. CAINE, M.P., deprecates England "becoming a Mediterranean Power," when England has been a Mediterranean Power for exactly one hundred and eighty years. Mr. W. FOWLER, M.P., accuses the Conservative party of being responsible for the Zulu War, which every political child knows to have been begun in direct defiance of the orders of a Conservative Government. With those who think or those who deliberately write or speak in this manner argument is impossible. They ignore every fact of the situation, they deny or blink all recent and remote history, and the necessary common ground is not available for meeting them.

But there is a considerable number of Liberal organs of opinion, and apparently a very large section of the Liberal public, which is not in this state of wilful or helpless blindness. Here there is recognition of the blundering of the Government, and of the almost unprecedented muddle into which the prosperous foreign relations of five years ago have been turned by a Ministry whose advent to power was expected to bring round the golden year. It is to these persons and to the reasonable section of the Tory party (for here, also, there is more than one section that is anything

but reasonable) that the question What is to be done? may be addressed. It is by them alone that it can be considered with any hopeful and profitable result. The best sign of the possibility of any such result seems to lie in the almost unanimous disapproval of a great Soudan campaign for the purpose and with the termination of a final scuttle. This being so, the immediate question for every Englishman to put to himself is, Is it possible to break off operations in the Soudan altogether? That, too, seems to have been answered in the negative. The next is, Is it possible for the present Government to substitute for their policy of shuffle followed by scuttle, a policy of action and occupation? That is the point on which to lay the finger. If it is possible, and if it will be done, the question of turning this Government out becomes a very unimportant one to all but rabid partisans. If we could believe that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues would turn over a really new leaf, that they would form, promulgate, and abide by an intelligent system of Egyptian reform under British inspection, and of administration of the Nile and the Eastern Soudan under English protection, we should on this score have nothing to say against them. But we do not believe that it is possible. They have hampered themselves so inextricably by foolish pledges and promises; they are tainted so deeply with hesitations and crotchets; they are so afraid of estranging the extreme Radical section of their followers, that a frank adoption of the only policy acceptable, if not the only possible policy, seems to be out of the question. They may drift, and slide, and sneak into something like such a policy, but they cannot carry it out boldly and decidedly. Nor does it seem possible that, after the passages between themselves and the German Government, a state of cordiality between England and Germany, without which there is no prospect of permanent good, can be restored. With Mr. GLADSTONE in power, we may perhaps carry out the cheerful programme suggested by Ministerial journals; and, after manuring the Soudan with English blood and English gold, hand it over to Italy as a reward for her extreme kindness in consenting to be an ally of England. We may, as the same astonishing persons say, "find something for Prince HASSAN to do at Khartoum," though the extrusion of Egyptian officials bag and baggage from the Soudan has been proclaimed by Mr. GLADSTONE for months, and almost years, as his chief end and aim. But that a straightforward, intelligent, and satisfactory solution of the Egyptian question, north or south of Wady Halfa, can be attained by the present Government is, we believe, not within the range of political possibilities. Politics is a science which never forgives to this extent; and nothing but a sojourn in the purgatory of Opposition can enable politicians who have blundered as these politicians have blundered to take up the game once more with a fair chance of success.

It is for this reason—for this very reason, and for no other—that we see no satisfactory solution but the accession to power of the present Opposition; Coalition Governments being apparently out of fashion at present, and at all times unsatisfactory. It is to us a matter of comparatively small interest who is in Downing Street provided that the common weal takes no harm; and we object to Mr. GLADSTONE as a governor mainly because he has shown to demonstration that he cannot govern. In the same way we have not to reproach ourselves with any partisan approval of the tactics of the Opposition. On more than one occasion we have stigmatized their misconduct of their immediate business, and if

necessary we shall do so again. But it is an entirely different thing to choose the best form of Parliamentary tactics with an outnumbered and dispirited following, and with a great excess of adverse debating power in the House of Commons, and another to pursue, with the approval of the country and of Parliament, a plain and straightforward course of foreign policy. There is nothing whatever in the antecedents of the members of any probable Conservative Government which would make it difficult for them to pursue such a policy, and the details of the policy itself are clearly marked out for them. They are free from any pledges or engagements in the Egyptian affair, and they could take, with consistency, a clear conscience, and a hearty good will, that course of promoting the good government of Egypt proper, and forming a bulwark at Khartoum against Soudanese savagery, which is more and more commending itself to the general public, as it has for years commended itself to all intelligent students of the question. Their record is such as to entitle them without difficulty or diffidence to hold out to Prince BISMARCK a reasonable and dignified olive-branch. They have beaten Russia before, and the Russians know from them, and them only, *quantus in clipeum assurgat Britannus*, when the said Briton has his wits about him. They have a far better character with the Colonies than their antagonists. Having no hope of conciliating the Radicals they need not truckle to them, and there is no conceivable question of home or foreign policy where they are likely to take action in which a reasonable Liberal need refuse them his support in view of the proved and notorious incapacity of his own men. The question is, therefore, for all but partisans, Is the national welfare to be further entrusted to men who have not only shown themselves incapable of managing it in the past, but whose incapacity has been such as to prevent them even from mending their hand; or is it to be entrusted to men who, whether they did or did not get the country out of a great difficulty seven years ago, are notoriously, even if this be disputed, free from any liabilities, pledges, disrepute of former acts or the like, in regard to their action in the future? In home politics a great change, which will take no small time even to accomplish and a much longer time to appreciate, is being wisely or unwisely effected by the consent of both parties. No other political question of magnitude presents itself as immediate to any but extremists. In foreign policy, on the contrary, the jeopardy and deadlock are, by consent of all impartial judges, greater in degree and more intricate in kind than at any time within living memory, and one set of politicians are as evidently designated for the task of remedying them as the other are shown to be unfit for that task. In the Palace of Truth we can imagine the present Cabinet itself spontaneously admitting that the situation, whether by their own fault or not (for even the Palace of Truth may not be powerful over self-deception to this extent), is of a kind hardly to be got out of except by new men. In actual life such heroic virtue is not to be expected. But it is scarcely too much to expect that some if not most reasonable Liberals should say to the Government, "*Ceteris paribus*, we like you best, but the *cetera*, owing to your own fault, are not *paria*, and you must for the time, at any rate, make room for men whom we like less, but who are wanted to help England." This is the answer which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's challenge (whatever exception may be taken to its terms) invites, and this is the answer which honest Englishmen who prefer country to party ought to give.

#### THE RETREAT FROM GUBAT.

NOT until Thursday morning was it permissible to feel serious disquiet as to the safety of Lord WOLSELEY's scattered but hitherto victorious forces. The loss of Khartoum was a heavy blow, no doubt; but the success was not won over English troops, and it was possible that a repetition of the sharp blows struck at Abu Klea and elsewhere might have almost neutralized it, if not absolutely repaired it. The detailed telegrams respecting Colonel TALBOT's brush in the desert awakened in persons not easily disturbed a sense of real danger. It was impossible not to see, first, that forces of five thousand men or thereabouts could not move about such a position as that at Gubat without danger to the latter; and, secondly, that, from whatever cause, Sir REDVERS BULLER's force fell far short of the three thousand men which it was hoped he would have had available by the middle of this month. The defect of intelligence which was implied in the movement of so large a body of troops in close continuity to our camp,

but without the least knowledge on the part of its occupants, was another source of anxiety. But even then, unless to persons determined to believe the worst, it must have been something of a shock to learn that when the latest reinforcements had scarcely reached the camp, the General in command there had thought it necessary to abandon Gubat, to dismantle the steamers which were so invaluable a possession, to give up all the fruit of two hard battles and a daring enterprise, and to retire on Abu Klea, Gakdul, and the base. The rumours of the great armies which make it necessary for Sir REDVERS BULLER to move back the English standards for the first time on this expedition may be exaggerated, but retreat of itself will raise men for the MAHDI. Nowhere short of Lord WOLSELEY and the river is it possible to discern a post which will be safe if Gubat was not safe, and Lord HAINGTON on Thursday night practically acknowledged as much.

To cavil and recriminate in the hour of danger is an unpleasant and rarely an obligatory task, and we shall only say that the withdrawal of the excuses made for Lord WOLSELEY's advance across the Bayuda has, according to the facts made public, become necessary. Those excuses were distinctly conditional on action on his part proving that Sir HERBERT STEWART's orders were calculated orders; and the failure to support the Gubat force and to make head against the enemy shows that there was no calculation, but merely a happy-go-lucky dash. Otherwise the force could not have been so long left unsupported with the necessary reinforcements, and the retreat would at least have been ordered as soon as Sir CHARLES WILSON returned. But, for the present, the question is how Lord WOLSELEY can best repair his mishap. It is not easy to perceive how General BRACKENBURY's expedition is to continue; yet, if it returns without securing at least Abu Hamed, the success of Kerbikan and the death of General EARLE and his comrades will be as entirely thrown away as the equally lamentable death of the gallant Sir HERBERT STEWART. Retreat once begun, concentration of all available troops in the hope of an attack from the MAHDI is the only discernible resource; and considerations open only to those on the spot must determine the best place for such a concentration. Meanwhile anxiety must be felt until the concentration is effected. Retreat is very different from advance, and a force which might have marched to Gondokoro victoriously may be hard pressed in a hundred miles of retreat by the desert. But the very worst of all moods in such a case is despondency. Bitter as it must have been to General BULLER and the garrison of Gubat to abandon the fruit of all their labours, they seem to have begun the retreat in good heart, and the General, with more men than Sir HERBERT STEWART, better supplied with mounted troops, and thoroughly aware of the danger, ought to be able to give an account of even a nominally overwhelming force of Arabs. But the advance on Khartoum by the Nile is over for this year; of that there is no doubt whatever. "The MAHDI," a recent telegram said, "has written to Lord WOLSELEY telling him to retire." Lord WOLSELEY has retired. It is not probable that the MAHDI will neglect to improve the coincidence. Except for the bare possibility of a rash attack and a great English victory, the results of the painful and costly journey up the Nile are thrown away.

Of future as distinguished from present military movements and possibilities, the offer of the Colonies to furnish troops is not the least important, and it affords at the least an agreeable subject for reflection after the disappointment and loss of the operations on the Nile. It appears to be still uncertain whether it has been accepted, and it does not require much acquaintance with Mr. GLADSTONE to feel sure that he would have refused it if he dared. A Prime Minister who, as Mr. GLADSTONE did on Thursday, leaves to the Opposition leader the task of acknowledging such an offer at the meeting of Parliament indicates his own attitude towards it with sufficient distinctness. There are some practical difficulties in the way, as every one acquainted with the matter will easily perceive, but they are as nothing compared with the advantage of encouraging in the Colonies the feeling of which this offer is a symptom, and of deepening the extremely salutary effect which it has produced on the Continent of Europe. Nothing can be more noteworthy than the way in which writers, some of whom have recently been foremost in proclaiming the decadence of England, have been struck by this reminder of the existence and unity of an England larger than the small little island which is the favourite subject of Mr. GLADSTONE's scorn. The truth is that nothing can be more unwise or more inaccurate



rate than to belittle the military resources of this country—except, of course, to overrate them, which is a very unlikely fault at this moment. The silly people who consult their printed tables, and decide that because this French ship has guns weighing so much more than that English ship, the latter must go straight to the bottom when she meets the former, are only less—perhaps they are hardly less—of a national nuisance than the official optimists who manipulate their figures in an opposite sense. The journalists who insist that we have got no army and no possibility of one may be more respectable, but are hardly more accurate, than Lord RIFON and other hangers-on of Mr. GLADSTONE, who put down the victory of Abu Klea to the credit of the rickety recruits that Lord WOLSELEY praises in peace and wisely leaves behind in war. There is no doubt that with Colonial aspirations wisely encouraged and home resources properly utilized, England is even now able, not, perhaps, to wage single-handed a Continental war with Europe at large, or to support the consequences of a much longer perseverance of the GLADSTONE-GRANVILLE-DERBY triumvirate of provocation and bungle, but to come well out of any difficulty in which her counsels are directed by moderate intelligence, and her strength utilized with moderate resolution. It is perhaps not unworthy of notice that the preparations for what may be called the larger Soudan campaign could be easily utilized for another purpose if necessary. Souakim is well on the way to Kurrachee—a simple geographical fact of which in St. Petersburg, where they are good geographers, it might be well that they should take notice. As to the immediate object of the expedition, it is, of course, the formation and guarding of an open route from Souakim to Berber, the very thing that ought to have been done, could have been done, and was earnestly recommended to be done, twelve months ago. It is not known what further object these vast preparations have, and as to Lord WOLSELEY's plans for the Soudan campaign in general, it cannot be too much recommended to readers not to believe the impudent assertions of omniscient journalists. Those assertions, we can say with assurance, are based on no knowledge whatever, but are simple translations into the categorical of guesses which, whether they turn out to be true or not, have no authority. No General has ever been more chary (and this is one of the best points of his generalship) of taking the press into his confidence than Lord WOLSELEY, and it may be very much doubted whether Lord WOLSELEY himself will finally make up his plan of campaign till at least one thing is decided—the question of the intentions of Parliament in regard to Egyptian policy. It is no doubt a misfortune that such an influence as this should count for anything in matters military, and purists will of course cry out that Lord WOLSELEY is quite independent of any such considerations. We venture to doubt it very much. The orders, or what pass for orders, which he has received from his present masters do not, if the public utterances of those masters may be trusted, sin by over-exactness or lucidity; and, before committing himself to a definite undertaking, it may be suspected that Lord WOLSELEY will wait to see whether he is likely to be allowed to carry it out. We cannot imagine him willing to play, if he can avoid it, the part which Sir EVELYN WOOD was forced to play after Majuba; the utterances of Mr. GLADSTONE on Thursday, to say the least, do not preclude the possibility of his having such a part thrust on him.

#### THE ADJOURNED SESSION.

IN its present adjourned Session, Parliament, while it retains in theory all its constitutional powers, will exercise them under stringent limitations. All but the most urgent legislation must be postponed until the new constituency is consulted; and even the control of administrative and political business will be hampered by the practical difficulties of a dissolution. A general election which must be repeated under totally different conditions in a few months would, unless it becomes absolutely necessary, be a vast expense of money and of trouble. The House of Commons is, like the army in the Soudan, at present "in the air," having its communications with the electorate cut off by the Franchise Act. There are, nevertheless, some important measures which cannot be postponed, and prolonged discussions on foreign affairs are unavoidable. The Redistribution Bill, which comes first in order of legislative tasks, will not be factiously contested; but the genuine objections which may be preferred will take considerable

time; and it is possible that the Irish members, though they will not reject the unmerited boon of a disproportionate share of the representation, may for other purposes waste time by obstruction. Their full capacity for mischief will be disclosed when the indispensable demand for a renewal of the Crimes Act is preferred by the Government. Notwithstanding the foolish language of a few irresponsible subordinates, the Cabinet has up to this time given no reason for suspecting that it will shrink from the discharge of a primary duty. The Land League, with its criminal tendencies, has under another name revived its pestilent activity; and it is impossible to protect life and property by means of the ordinary law. Mr. COWEN, clinging to traditions which are inapplicable to existing circumstances, contends that Irish affairs should be handed over to the popular leaders, who are, unfortunately, the chief promoters of disorder. Force, as the results of the Crimes Act have proved, is the only remedy for anarchy, robbery, and murder. Extradition and even Australian Federation are less urgent than the repression of Irish anarchy.

It is impossible to judge beforehand of the length or frequency of the debates on foreign and colonial questions, and especially on the transactions in Egypt and the Soudan. Disapproval of the conduct of the Government is almost unanimously felt and expressed, though Lord RIFON is, for reasons best known to himself, still confident that there must be some excuse which he has not succeeded in discovering. It is difficult to suppress just indignation; but no feeling of resentment would excuse rash interference with military operations. The newspapers are reckless enough in furnishing the enemy with information and even with advice. Professional writers day after day tell the MAHDI in so many words that he will embarrass Lord WOLSELEY's movements if he occupies this or that post, or if he operates in some given direction on the communications. Speakers in Parliament would be still more careless, and Ministers might sometimes be tempted to exculpate themselves by injudicious disclosures. The statesmen who prematurely advertised to the Arabs their purpose of abandoning all their supporters in the Soudan are capable of almost any indiscretion. Retrospective criticism is not liable to the same objections; but its utility is doubtful.

Political hopes and fears are directed less to the moribund Parliament than to its formidable and doubtful successor. The significance of the late electoral revolution has for the first time been fully appreciated since the change was accomplished. Frivolous amateurs no longer prate of the anomaly of distinctions between boroughs and counties, or of the hardships suffered by unenfranchised householders on the other side of the hedge. Both sides of the hedge are now equally privileged, and from neither set of occupants has yet proceeded any voice but that of boastful menace. The best hope for the future is that the new constituency may be less selfish and more just than its self-appointed counsellors. In less enlightened times freedom, property, and civilization were not dependent on the moderation of any privileged class. Mr. TREVELYAN, who has had a large share in the great constitutional change, is still, as might be expected, a political optimist. Like others who persuade themselves that the representatives of the new constituency will only continue with greater energy the work of former Parliaments, he, perhaps half-consciously, shares the uneasiness which he earnestly deprecates. It is not necessarily with the purpose of misleading a timid purchaser that the dealer explains movements which might seem to indicate vice as only symptoms of innocent playfulness. In the present case no harm can be done by accepting the doubtful warranty, because the bargain has already been concluded. Political concessions are for the most part irrevocable, inasmuch as they have almost always been made to the stronger party. Since Lord JOHN RUSSELL in the decline of his power sought to revive his early popularity by proposing further reductions of the franchise, no Parliament has probably sat in which the large majority was not openly or secretly opposed to Parliamentary Reform. During Lord PALMERSTON's long administration, and again after the election of 1874, the country shared the opinion, or at least the indifference of prudent politicians; but experience has shown that downward progress could not be permanently arrested.

With the shameless demagogues who openly incite the rabble of London to robbery and murder it is impossible to argue. The social tolerance which has been extended to some of the worst offenders is a remnant of the habitual confidence of ancient security and established

order. Anarchists have been regarded as licensed buffoons who only made themselves ridiculous by preaching to a sceptical audience an impossible gospel of murder. Similar language addressed to a mob which was largely composed of thieves and of the worst class of London roughs requires not confutation, but punishment. In the early part of the French Revolution the same mimic liberality encouraged the paradoxes which were afterwards translated into crime. The practical illustration of anarchical doctrines strained too far the patience even of the guilty promoters of the Reign of Terror. Almost the only good action recorded of ROBESPIERRE is that he sent HÉBERT and CHAUMETTE with many better men to the guillotine. A similar fate will, if necessary, befall English teachers of the same doctrines, if they succeed in causing bloodshed. The economic and financial instructors of the dominant faction are so far more dangerous that they are more plausible. The confiscation of the whole or of a large part of property invested in land is recommended by a Minister of the Crown, and in another form by the chief of the small, but not insignificant, sect of Positivists. In the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* two or three agitators belonging to the working class propose to increase the Land-tax to thirty-five millions, to be levied, as the name implies, exclusively on the land. They have probably heard from so-called financial reformers that the percentage on income of the original Land-tax has been largely reduced by the maintenance of the old valuation. They have not considered that the disturbance of a fiscal arrangement which has lasted for two hundred years would involve a gross injustice; and they may be excused for their ignorance of the fact that the Land-tax was charged at the same rate on land and on personalty. Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, who deals with the subject in the same number, would certainly not require allowance to be made on the ground of want of knowledge; yet he proposes nearly the same special charge on land, and he adds the revolutionary suggestion of a graduated tax on income. Admitting the probable consequence of his Land-tax in compelling owners to part with their estates, he remarks, with all the calm indifference of BURKE's metaphysicians to the sufferings of others, that the dissipation of landed properties would be advantageous to the public interest. Results of this kind were not contemplated by Lord HARTINGTON when with a light heart he pledged the Liberal party to household suffrage in counties. Only two or three weeks ago Mr. HARRISON himself protested, in eloquent and convincing language, against exceptional treatment of land. Some reconciliatory explanation seems to be needed for the reconciliation of conclusions which are on the surface reciprocally destructive; but the probable action of the future Parliament is more important than the consistency of even an eminent writer, and it is at present not less ambiguous.

#### FRANCE.

THE capture of Lang-Son may not prove to be a decisive success, nor even do much towards bringing the war with China to an end, but it seems to have been a highly creditable affair to the French troops. The details are wanting, as they always are when no foreign correspondents are on the spot to forward reports. There is, however, no fair ground for questioning the accuracy of such accounts as we have received. General BRIÈRE DE L'ISLE would seem to have directed the movements of his two columns with a just appreciation of the well-known fact that no Oriental has ever yet succeeded in resisting a flank attack, and his orders have been well executed by his men. The fighting has been the least part of the work thrown on his columns during the advance. As is usually the case in the campaigns of our troops on the North-West Frontier, the climate, the want of roads, food, and cover, have proved more difficult to manage than the enemy; but even the fighting has been as severe as it usually is against Asiatics. A loss of two hundred and fifty men killed and wounded shows that General BRIÈRE DE L'ISLE had to deal with soldiers who fight as well as the Afghans at least. His victory will have the effect of clearing Tonquin for the present. If the Chinese are determined to continue the war in that quarter, they must take the offensive themselves, and troops which cannot defend entrenched positions will scarcely be able to attack with much effect. Meanwhile Admiral COURBET has also gained a victory, and on the whole a more respectable one

than his successful piece of sharp practice at Foochow. Here, again, it would be convenient to know a little more clearly what really happened; but the destruction of the two Chinese war-ships seems to be proved. The doubt in this case is not so much due to want of information as to its uncertain character. According to one report, the boats of the French squadron made several unsuccessful attempts to torpedo the Chinese cruisers, and it is said that the crews were able to escape to the shore, though their vessels were destroyed. If that is true, we are justified in believing that they were not on board when the torpedoes exploded. It is, indeed, very probable that the Chinese, finding they could not get their ships off, lost heart and took to the boats. The destruction of deserted ships is not in itself a very brilliant feat; but then the Chinese frigate and corvette would not have been left if the crews had been at all a match for the men of the French squadron. The event, whatever the details may have been, proves the irresistible superiority of the Europeans.

These victories come in a very fortunate hour for the French forces in the East and for the French Government. All reports agree that the soldiers and seamen on the station are suffering greatly from sickness, at least partly caused, and certainly greatly aggravated, by the depressing character of the operations in which they are engaged. Loss of men by disease has for its natural consequence a heavy increase of work for the survivors. The reinforcements from France come slowly, and seem no more than sufficient to supply the waste. Considering the relaxation of discipline which has long been notorious in the French armies, it is not surprising to hear of discontent, and even of disorder, among the soldiers and sailors engaged in this very uncongenial work. There is nothing incredible in the story that a mutiny has broken out in the squadron at Formosa, and has only been suppressed by the execution of twelve men. Mutiny is a word which is supposed to mean open rebellion, but which, as a matter of fact, is applied to many minor forms of disobedience on board ship in a very lax way. The sailors at Formosa had probably no intention of taking the ships out of the hands of their officers. They were only discontented and disorderly. That, however, is quite bad enough, and it must have made the commanders of the squadron heartily glad of anything, even the news that something had happened somewhere else, to break the monotony of the blockade. In Formosa the French are obviously not strong enough to do more than hold the post they have seized at Kelung. The news of the capture of Lang-Son, and of Admiral COURBET's success in the Sheipoo Roads, must have been welcome for many reasons to M. FERRY. They justify his prophecies, and they have happened just in time to serve him well during the approaching elections. He may now stop with credit if he really wishes to stop, or he may postpone any further measures, and face the constituencies in the pleasant position of a Minister who has carried out a patriotic policy with reasonable success, and at no very heavy sacrifice to the country. It is true that the success gained is not the success M. FERRY promised a year ago, and it is equally true that nobody knows what is coming. But the constituencies, M. FERRY may reflect, will not look so close as all that. They will rest content with knowing that a victory has been won, and that Tonquin is conquered. After looking on at the middle of the last two years or so with unbroken equanimity, they are scarcely likely to be greatly moved by its memory now when everything seems to be in the most prosperous condition. As usual, after every spurt of fighting in this dreary war, there are stories of negotiations for peace begun, or about to be begun. They vary wonderfully little, and have a uniform end. The Chinese Government is soon known to be no more inclined to eat its leek than before, and the French are shown to be as much set on causing the leek to be eaten as ever. The moral of the situation has been drawn so often that it has become a weariness to the flesh, and many future opportunities will be presented for commenting on it during the half generation or so for which the war seems likely to last.

French publicists of many parties seem to be pretty agreed that France is suffering from want of governance. For the first time in several generations the country has an Administration which avows openly and shamelessly that it has no plan and no object. French Governments have been of many kinds, and of various degrees of wisdom, but they have had one thing in common. They have always known their own mind or seemed to know it. M. FERRY has apparently no mind and no theory. In truth, however,



he has a definite object in his policy which gives it a certain coherence. He is looking steadily to the general election, and in the meantime tiding along as best he may. That may be a prudent, but it is not a very inspiring, kind of policy, and it certainly gives the doings of the Ministry an air of slovenliness which is barely decent. Still it does help to explain the otherwise unintelligible doings of the Chambers and the Cabinet. One of the most remarkable of these is the treatment of the Army Bill. This measure, which is designed to make three years' military service obligatory on every Frenchman, has already had a Parliamentary existence of some length, and has even passed the Chamber of Deputies in a previous Session. It has been shown to be unworkable, was stopped by the Senate, and fell quite out of sight for a time. Now it has been brought in again and is going through its old career, being passed in the face of overwhelming criticism by men who would see it enforced with terror. The approach of the election explains the mystery. The deputies have every reason to prove the orthodoxy of their opinions on the dogma of equality to the electors, and hence the galvanized vitality of the Army Bill. The Recidivist Bill is a less purely electoral measure, but it has a curious history of its own too. It, like the Army Bill, was passed in the face of damaging practical criticism, and for no other obvious reason than a desire to deal with a difficulty in a drastic way and be done with it. The Bill is drastic, but it does not get rid of the difficulty. By the provisions of the measure habitual criminals are to be transported for life within six months after their sentence; but no colony was named because it was shown in the course of the debate that none of the existing possessions of France were fit to be used for the purpose. Consequently, the immediate result of the Bill will be to give a large and dangerous class of criminals a right to their discharge after six months' detention. The Army Bill may never pass, the Recidivist Bill may have to be amended so as to make it a dead letter, the Corn Bill stands a good chance of being amended by the majority which accepted it in the general discussion until it is the exact reverse of what it was when it was introduced. It was designed to help the farmers and small landowners—a very important part of the electorate—by imposing a duty on foreign corn. The Free-traders were naturally opposed to it; but their opposition would not have been of much effect. M. GERMAIN, however, has made himself famous by proposing an Amendment, which has many chances of being accepted. His plan is that the Government should relieve the farmer by lightening his land-tax, and compensate the Treasury by increasing the excise on spirits, which is very low in France. This Amendment has been accepted, with a slight modification, by the Committee, and is favourably looked on by the Chamber, which is already somewhat frightened at the prospect of the possible consequences of increasing the price of bread in the towns. It has the obvious advantage of giving the peasantry an immediate and most acceptable boon. That M. GERMAIN'S Amendment will alter what was meant to be a Protectionist measure into a Free-trade one will not disturb M. FERRY, who is not a man of doctrine, and who has a general election before him.

#### MR. GLADSTONE ON WASHINGTON.

IT is interesting to learn that Mr. GLADSTONE considers Mr. CORDEN'S character as nearly perfect; and that among all historical personages he reveres WASHINGTON as the greatest and the best. In the same correspondence he expresses his confidence that after the lapse of another century five hundred millions or a thousand millions of English lineage and language will be united by feelings of family affection. If unhappily they should fall out, they will incur the reprobation which DANTE bestowed on "the great refusal." One result of the anticipated increase, if the calculation proves to be correct, will disappoint the recent aspirations of colonizing rivals. Australia and New Zealand, if a hundred years hence they only contain a hundred millions of English inhabitants, will, long before they have reached that number, have secured the control or annexation of all territories in the South Seas which are now threatened with French or German occupation. Within ten or twenty years the remaining dominions of Mexico will almost certainly be absorbed into the United States, and the Indo-Spanish population will have to choose between civilized industry and rapid disappearance. With characteristic readiness of quotation, Mr. GLADSTONE anticipates for the

future descendants of the English stock an empire once claimed by VIRGIL as belonging to AUGUSTUS:—

*Super et Garamantas et Indos  
Proferet imperium.*

The prophecy is the less ambitious because it is, at least as far as the Indians are concerned, already accomplished. Mr. GLADSTONE seems to appreciate the possible exploits of the twentieth century more justly than the actual conquests of the eighteenth and nineteenth. It would perhaps have been unseasonable to continue the quotation:—

*Hujus in adventum jam nunc et Caspia regna  
Responsis horrent Divum, et Mæotia tellus,  
Et septemgemini turbant trepida ostia Nil.*

The trans-Caspian kingdoms and the mouths or shores of the Nile are not at present pleasant subjects for the imaginative speculations of the responsible ruler of England.

Foreign critics would do injustice to Mr. GLADSTONE if they supposed that his sanguine expectations are prompted by a narrow and selfish patriotism. The United States already include more than half of the English-speaking race, and their population increases much more rapidly than that of the United Kingdom. The Irish in America are also numerous and prolific, and it is possible that they may still for two or three generations remain more or less distinct from their fellow-citizens. Some years ago Mr. GLADSTONE expressed a belief that the commercial supremacy of England would be soon transferred to America; and he added, with cosmopolitan impartiality, that he for one should not regret the change. A Prime Minister who has no prejudice in favour of the country which has raised him to its highest post may be admired as superior to ordinary human weakness. Less disinterested politicians are content, when they foresee the inevitable greatness of a rival, to acquiesce without useless complaint in a result which they are powerless to prevent. The alternative course of affecting to regard Americans as countrymen indicates either culpable indifference or unconscious insincerity. Envy of American felicity involves a higher compliment than affected sympathy. The United States, having no enemies, or, in other words, no equal neighbours, scarcely need a foreign policy; and they are comparatively exempt from menaces of socialism and anarchy. When one of their own citizens seeks notoriety by proposing general plunder, he finds it convenient to transfer his efforts to a foreign country before he preaches the predatory doctrine of nationalization of the land. Whether identity of race and language tends to promote good-will among independent communities is still a doubtful question. The Greek Republics, who despised as barbarian every language except their own, were almost always at war among themselves. German patriotism, which is likely to be as permanent as it is vigorous, has only been revived during the present generation after an interval of many centuries. Again and again Bavaria fought with France against Austria; and the Confederation of the Rhine under French sovereignty was thought a natural and not discreditable arrangement. As late as 1850 Prussia and Austria alternately courted against one another the aid of Russia. The violent animosity to England expressed in the common language by American journalists and orators during the Civil War was a main cause of the indifference or occasional ill will which was felt for the Northern cause. On the other hand, Englishmen and Americans feel an interest in one another which is not extended to foreigners, and the loyalty of the Colonies to the Crown is genuine.

Mr. GLADSTONE has for many years been bent on expiating a mistake which he committed when the Southern Confederacy seemed likely to establish its independence. His complacent declaration that JEFFERSON DAVIS had made an army, and his prophecy that he would make a nation, were universally understood at the time to imply that Mr. GLADSTONE inclined to the recognition of Southern independence. A more prudent colleague, Sir G. LEWIS, at once took or made an opportunity of announcing on behalf of the Government an opposite policy; and, having probably discovered his error, Mr. GLADSTONE never repeated his display of Southern partisanship. He has since persuaded himself that his language indicated no predilection for the cause which has been proved by fortune to be wrong. It is perhaps rather with the purpose of convincing himself than in the hope of satisfying others that he has since cultivated an almost exaggerated devotion to the United States. There are many reasons for believing his present feelings to be sincere. American institutions are probably more congenial to his taste than the English

system, which still contains the relics of an aristocratic element. The power of the numerical majority of the population has become, mainly by Mr. GLADSTONE's action, much more absolute in England than in America, but social inequality is more tenacious than constitutional relations. The same statesman who was willing to see commercial supremacy pass from England to the United States is still less likely to grudge any political advantage which may be obtained by the most favoured nation.

The same reaction against a former opinion or tendency perhaps accounts for Mr. GLADSTONE's enthusiastic admiration of WASHINGTON. It is easy to understand, and even to approve, the indigenous formula which describes him as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"; but it was in the wars of the Revolution, in the Presidency of the young Republic, and, above all, in the hearts of his countrymen, that he can claim to be first. A national hero properly becomes typical and ideal; and among Americans WASHINGTON has no competitor. GRANT, SHERMAN, LEE, and "STONEWALL" JACKSON perhaps accomplished greater military feats; but in civil life most of them never took a part, and one was conspicuously unsuccessful. Even if they had been superior to WASHINGTON, the first place was already occupied. It would be as impossible to displace WASHINGTON as to have set up another patriotic tyrannicide at Athens as a rival to HARMODIUS and ARISTOGEITON. It may be conjectured that foreign proselytes to the American faith are more or less consciously under the influence of a wish to be complimentary, and in the case of Englishmen to show that they have no prejudice against a victorious enemy. THACKERAY, like Mr. GLADSTONE, once expressed the opinion that WASHINGTON's was the greatest name in history; but he was then anxious for American popularity; and it may be added that he always preferred goodness to greatness. Of the highest genius, practical or literary, he was intolerant, as in the cases of SWIFT and MARLBOROUGH.

No competent judge has placed WASHINGTON in the first rank of great soldiers, though he accomplished his peculiar work with admirable perseverance and with eventual success. His European contemporaries attributed imaginary merit to his supposed moderation in retiring after the war and after his second term of office into a private station. They contrasted him, to his advantage, with CROMWELL, and, after the establishment of the Consulate in France, with BONAPARTE, as an illustrious example of Republican self-denial. WASHINGTON was, in truth, a thoroughly disinterested patriot; but, if he had been the most ambitious and unprincipled of adventurers, he could by no possibility have become a king or a despot. It would be as reasonable to give WELLINGTON credit for not dethroning GEORGE III. after Waterloo as to praise WASHINGTON for being content with a moral primacy among his countrymen. One Englishman, who was, it must be admitted, not inclined to excessive eulogy of popular heroes, in protesting against such language as that of Mr. GLADSTONE and of THACKERAY, approached more nearly to a just estimate of WASHINGTON's character. CARLYLE had previously remarked of WASHINGTON's great friend and associate that "no man ever came through more confusion with less imputation against him than LAFAYETTE. None can accuse him of variableness; he has seen the world change like a conjurer's pasteboard world; he stands there unchanged as a stone pillar in the midst of it. Does this prove him a great man, a good man? Nowise. Perhaps only a limited man." "WASHINGTON," he adds, "is another of our perfect characters; to me a most limited, uninteresting sort." On other occasions, provoked by exaggeration or contradiction, CARLYLE expressed the same judgment in more vehement terms. In criticizing hyperbolic eulogies it is difficult to avoid superlatives of the opposite kind, and CARLYLE was exceptionally inclined to the use of strong language. WASHINGTON was assuredly not an ordinary man; but the heroic proportions of his figure are in some degree due to his position as the principal actor in a revolution of the highest historical importance.

#### RIVAL PYTHONESSES.

IF two augurs could not meet without smiling, we may be sure that two Pythonesses when they encountered each other in society giggled. The lady who looked after the pigeons at Dodona and listened to the wind among the oaks must have exchanged amusing letters with the other lady who recited the hexameters at Delphi. The nature of woman, her hearty appreciation of a joke at the expense of

man's credulity, is not altered by time, if we may judge by a diverting or disgusting pamphlet, *Some Account of My Intercourse with Mme. Blavatsky* (ELLIOT STOCK). This little work, in a mixture of French and of English slang, is by Mme. COULOMB, who once was the friend, and is now, we fear we must say, the traducer, of Mme. BLAVATSKY. It is needless to add that Mme. BLAVATSKY is the JOANNA SOUTHCOATE of Theosophy, the great female MAHDI of the Mahatmas, the wonder-working Sylph of the Steppe, the long missing link between ancient Aryan science and modern Slavonic, Psychical, and American curiosity. This lady is the author of a learned work on the Mysteries of Isis; or, Isis Unveiled, or something of that kind, in which we are assured that she quotes Latin elegiacs from LUCRETIVS. And yet the Philological Society has not recognized these novel performances of a poet previously known merely for his austere hexameters. Mme. BLAVATSKY claims the acquaintance of KOOT HOOMI, the MASKELYNE of the Thibetan mountains, and the mysterious Inner Brethren of Thibet appear (with a family resemblance to JOHN KING) at her entertainments. Varying slightly from the well-known Shakspearian method, Mme. BLAVATSKY finds letters on trees, tea-cups in antres vast, cigarettes in unicorns' horns, and magic in everything. Her literary advocates have published books in which (as the unconverted believe) a good deal of crude evolutionism and a quantity of Indian cosmogonic fancies are mixed up with plenty of common "Spiritualism," faintly disguised by a Thibetan colouring. Such, to the outer world, is Mme. BLAVATSKY, and such is Theosophy. Of this lady, and of Theosophic miracles, Mme. COULOMB gives an account which no one is obliged to believe. The character of Mme. COULOMB as revealed in her pamphlet is that of a female French BARRY LYNDON, in a novel environment. The Odyssey of Mme. and of M. COULOMB's adventures, their needy and shifty attempts to maintain existence, are sad and laughable; and not less laughable and sad are the letters here published, written, it is asserted, by Mme. BLAVATSKY. According to the most recent news on this momentous subject, Mme. BLAVATSKY does not intend to prosecute Mme. COULOMB, who must be a most malignant and mendacious libeller if her story is not true. Perhaps Mme. BLAVATSKY shows her wisdom in this peaceful attitude. Of Mme. COULOMB readers of her confessions can have only one opinion, whatever they think of the truth of her revelations. That opinion makes her evidence, either way, worthless; though every one may draw his own conclusions as to the weight of the internal evidence she adduces.

In 1872, so this veracious chronicle begins, Mme. COULOMB was introduced at Cairo to Mme. BLAVATSKY. The great Lady Mahatma was then merely a "Medium," and kept a private *Necromanteia* in a closet lined with red cloth. "She calls the dead and makes them answer your questions." Mme. COULOMB, eager to meet some of the dead, made the acquaintance of the sorceress. Her she found in a room "full of people all alive" and all denouncing Mme. BLAVATSKY, who "had taken their money" and left them nothing but stuffed gloves, bits of string, and the other apparatus of the Medium. Mme. COULOMB conferred benefits on Mme. BLAVATSKY which, as far as we can see, were afterwards much more than repaid, and need not have been mentioned. Next Mme. COULOMB heard of Mme. BLAVATSKY in Russia, and, finally, in America, where she was creating a Theosophic Society. Without laying any stress on Mme. COULOMB's evidence, we may repeat that new Theosophy is only old Spiritualism under a fresh name. The miracles, mediums, manifestations, and all the rest of it, are identical, only KOOT HOOMI, away in Thibet, is a more magnificent conception than JOHN KING, the ghost of an illiterate sailor. Nothing but a smattering of Neoplatonism (in cribs), of "rollicking science" in the guise of popularized evolutionism, and of Indian dreams, which may be got up in a dozen cheap text-books, was needed for the conversion. Then, behold, the discredited Spiritualism became Theosophy, "Lodges" were founded, Englishmen, Americans, and even some of the natives of India, were gulled, and a profitable clientele was created. America, the cradle of Spiritualism, was the home of this Theosophy. It is a shame that even the most sceptical of generations should have been taken in by such a very commonplace device, should have sought signs so readily capable of being manufactured. Whether the signs and miracles were managed precisely as Mme. COULOMB describes is not a matter of importance. It is certain that HOUDIN, or even a meaner juggler, could have wrought much better miracles.



Mme. COULOMB, before she met Mme. BLAVATSKY in the flesh again, lived a roaming life in Calcutta, Galle, and other places, teaching French, attempting hotel-keeping, and, finally, rushing into the Pythoness's arms in Bombay. Here she was first employed to "tell the Colonel that she "had seen a figure in the garden." Next, when the Colonel had swallowed the "figure," she had to embroider trick-pockethandkerchiefs, which were distributed "in an occult manner." Then holes were made in the ceiling-cloth of an office, and, lo! a "portrait of a Yogi tumbled through "the air before the very eyes" of a gallant Colonel. Mme. COULOMB tries to give the impression that she thought these performances little harmless jokes. But, even by her own account, she suspected that Mme. BLAVATSKY had already carried the joke too far at Cairo. Then an attempt was made to place a cigarette, tied up with a lady's hair, in the horn of the unicorn of the British arms, under a statue of the PRINCE OF WALES, at Bombay. But Mme. COULOMB did not care to climb up to the unicorn's horn, and this miracle lapsed, owing, as was thought, to unfavourable atmospheric influences. Then pink notes were found in trees, a miracle that occurred in the courtship of Mr. ARTHUR PENDENNIS and Miss BLANCHE AMORY. Next the great teacup trick was done, and Mme. COULOMB maintains that she knows the brother who put the teacup in the soil, and that he is not a Thibetan. Next Mme. COULOMB was instructed to make a doll—a big doll of the male sex—and this, she alleges, is the astral body of KOOT HOOMI, all the astral body he ever had. Some kind of trap was now manufactured, apparently by a brother of French rather than of Thibetan extraction, and by aid of this trap letters fell mysteriously, through the air, on the tables of rooms. Other letters fell, by the material agency of a bit of string, out of trees, and ledges of buildings, in the open air. The proper Theosophistic view is that these epistles were written in Thibet, were magically disintegrated, magically materialized again, and so fell about in rooms and in gardens. The reader has his choice between these rival hypotheses. Swayed by early memories of what Mr. BOUNCER did in the schools with a piece of paper and a bit of string, we incline to the ideas of Mme. COULOMB. Indeed, Mme. COULOMB says that she saw part of one of the letters written and put into the hands of M. COULOMB (who appears to be a Mahatma of no ordinary powers) for transmission by astral post-office. Next the "shrine," with doll complete, was rigged up, a simple apparatus that should not have deceived a baby. Finally, there was a quarrel, partly because Mme. COULOMB could not keep the fun to herself, partly about 2,000 rupees. Some of the missionary bodies in India seem to think Mme. COULOMB's theories sound, Theosophists prefer these of Mme. BLAVATSKY. Each side will give its belief exactly where its prejudices determine. Perhaps the majority of the English public will conclude that there is something a little dubious in this new faith about which so many people talked credulous nonsense last season.

#### THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHÆOLOGY AT ATHENS.

A CONSIDERABLE time has elapsed since the scheme for the foundation of a British School at Athens was so auspiciously launched at the meeting held at Marlborough House, over which the PRINCE OF WALES presided. On that occasion there were present, warmly advocating the object in view, the most eminent representatives of political distinction, of the Universities, and of the public institutions in this country connected with art and archæology. No similar project could have been introduced to general notice under more favourable circumstances; and it is rather surprising that the operations of the Committee then appointed should for so many months have remained without having been brought to public notice. So long ago as in the year 1882 the Greek Government generously offered, through the English Foreign Office, to give a site of some two acres in extent, in a very favourable position and in the immediate neighbourhood of Athens, for the intended building; and this munificent act was completed by a formal conveyance of the ground to the trustees on behalf of the School in the month of November 1884. In the meantime, however, the Committee had not been entirely idle, for it was announced at the meeting recently held under the presidency of the Bishop of DURHAM that sufficient funds have now been collected or promised to justify the immediate beginning of the building of a

house upon the land destined for its reception at Athens. It was also further stated that Mr. PENROSE, the architect, had been so good as to prepare the necessary elevations and plans for its erection. It is known that the general aims of the School will be to promote the knowledge of Greek archæology in all its departments, and this would include the study of Greek art and architecture in their remains of every period, as well as that of inscriptions. There will also be encouraged and assisted the exploration of ancient sites, and the tracing of ancient roads and routes. Much light may be expected to be thus thrown on doubtful points in history and geography; but, above all, the knowledge of Greek art will be largely extended, and its study will be brought into close relations with that of the language of the people whose artistic history was neglected for so many centuries after the classical revival had created general attention to their literature. The arts and literature of ancient Greece will for the future have to be studied together, as both belonging to the history of the same race. They ought never to have been separated, and henceforth they will be made mutually to illustrate each other.

In addition to the duty of providing a building for the new School, it will be requisite to raise considerable funds to secure, if possible, a permanent endowment for the salary of a resident director, and for the due maintenance of the School, with its library and other necessary accommodation and appliances for students. It cannot be supposed that Great Britain will fail to do that which has already been done by France, Germany, and the United States, or that the appeal for funds now made will not be a successful one. It would be unworthy of this country if the liberality of the Greek Government were not met in a corresponding spirit, and if the especial advantages afforded by it to England were not to be thoroughly appreciated and turned to the best account. The interest already shown in the movement, and the high patronage extended to it, leaves no room for doubting that the required funds for its full prosecution will be forthcoming at no distant date. Such must be the wish of every scholar, and of all concerned in the promotion of art and of the highest educational development.

#### M. LESSAR'S MISSION.

THE mission of M. LESSAR to London has of course set a certain number of suspicious people exclaiming that Russia never meant business in the Afghan frontier question at all. This, however, is not only an unjust, but even an unintelligent, view of her recent and present conduct. Business is exactly what Russia always does mean; and those who on occasion think otherwise are merely deceived by their own unenlightened ideas of what the particular Russian business of the moment may be. To say that Russia was never serious in her professed desire to join us in despatching Commissioners to delimit the Afghan frontier would be to suspect the genuineness of her wish to get the second best thing if the best were not to be had; and that is just one of the points on which her sincerity has never been questioned. It would, in short, be an entire mistake to suppose that Russia only pretended a willingness to have the Afghan frontier drawn by an Anglo-Russian Commission of experts. She was quite willing to do that—if she could do no better for herself; she is quite willing to do it now—if she is confronted with a less eligible alternative. But, on the other hand, to suppose that the authorities at St. Petersburg would be in a hurry to send their men on to the ground, when so much might occur in the Soudan to modify the geographical and ethnological conditions of the Central Asian problem, and to suppose, further, that when a modification of this kind has actually occurred the Russian Government would hesitate from motives of delicacy to bring it to the notice of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, would be to fall into the opposite error. It is natural for M. DE GIERS to take immediate steps to remind the British Government that the fall of Khartoum could not fail to deflect the contemplated boundary of Russianized Turkestan considerably to the south-east. Equally natural is it that the reported intention of England to draw upon her military establishment in India for service in the Soudan should have convinced him of the superiority of ethnological to mere geographical considerations in determining the frontier question. If we really are in such difficulties of one kind and another as our alarmists make out, why then M. DE GIERS thinks he ought no longer to conceal from us the conviction, hitherto buried in his own breast, that,

the Salor Turkomans having already become virtually Russian subjects, their habitual camping-ground ought to be treated as outside Afghan border, and consequently that the proper frontier to draw is one which would thrust into Afghanistan a huge wedge of Russian territory, having its apex at a point within forty miles of Herat.

Such are, it is said, the views which M. LESSAR has come instructed to press upon the British Government, always supposing, that is, that the British Government is in such difficulties as our alarmists make out; which is, perhaps, no bad reason why certain of the said alarmists should refrain from adding to the excellent work of pointing out our Central Asian dangers the extremely questionable service of screaming out that we are hopelessly unprepared to confront them. If anything could tempt Russia to that immediate advance upon Herat which, in a wild rumour of a few days ago, was declared to be an already accomplished fact, it would be talk and writing of this despairing kind. At present we may be pretty sure that she has no intention of hazarding any experiment of so venturesome a description. The pear is not ripe yet, though no doubt it might come very fast to maturity if our affairs in Egypt and elsewhere were to take a further turn for the worse. As it is, they probably seem to Russia just about bad enough to warrant the application of a "squeeze" to the British Government, and the circulation of alarming rumours such as that to which we have just referred is doubtless designed to facilitate the squeezing process. Of a like description and purpose is the threat of "withdrawing" from a Commission which Russia has never really joined, and the bounce about military demonstrations on the Murghab and Heri Rud. Demonstrations are a game which can be easily played at by most Powers, and, thanks to the strength of the escort which has accompanied our Frontier Commission, it is a game which can be played by us at shorter notice, on the Murghab, at any rate, than it can be by our rival. As to "withdrawing from her share" in the work of frontier delimitation, perhaps, the first and most necessary thing to be impressed by our Foreign Office on M. LESSAR is that that is a matter on which Russia may do exactly as she pleases without any sort of protest from us. Her adhesion to the delimitation plan has not in any degree assisted us, and her withdrawal will not in the least embarrass us. If one of the parties to an arbitration deliberately absents himself, the arbitrator simply proceeds *ex parte*, and that is the course which, in the event of the so-called withdrawal of Russia, we ought at once to adopt. We can define the AMEER's territory without her aid, and guarantee him its integrity; all that we shall lose by completing the business alone would be the formal Russian undertaking to respect the newly-delimited frontier—a loss which it will not severely tax our fortitude to endure with philosophy. We can quite understand, however, that the present English Government is regarded by the Czar's advisers as less armed by nature and habit to undergo such a privation than the rest of their countrymen. They have always shown an extraordinary appetite for amicable understandings—especially of the Russian variety. "Caviare to the general" body of Englishmen as these understandings are, Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have apparently acquired a diplomatic taste analogous to the gastronomic relish for the sturgeon's roe. Russian pledges, indeed, have got to be not only pleasing to the Ministerial palate, but, even after long experience of their unsubstantial character, they seem as solid and satisfying as ever. To come away from Afghanistan, defined or undefined, without an "arrangement" with Russia in their pockets would, it is doubtless thought, be a sore disappointment to HER MAJESTY'S Ministers; and when the failure to obtain such an arrangement would compel them to reverse a "reversal policy" in Afghanistan, to go back upon the footsteps of the "wicked EARL," we cannot wonder that St. Petersburg should believe them to be at the moment very "squeezable" indeed.

Nevertheless the country, which is neither so indifferent as one party among us complains nor so wildly agitated as it seems to another, will insist upon its Government offering a firm front of resistance to this insolent pressure. M. LESSAR's proposals ought to be rejected at once, decisively, and with as little excess of civility as is merited by a proceeding which, in its very nature, resembles an affront. Russia should be definitively referred to her former agreement of participation in the frontier project, and should be plainly informed that if she does not put in an appearance without further delay, we shall at once proceed

with the work without her. The Government might further say that, if there were no other objections to entering upon the suggested negotiations in London, it would have been impossible to entertain the idea while Russia still kept her outpost at Pul-i-khatun, and returned only evasive replies to our protests against her audacious attempts to create "accomplished facts" before the Commission has even begun its labours. But, in thus replying to M. DE GIERS's emissary, the Government ought, of course, to be prepared for the consequences of their answer, and to be ready to take—if, indeed, they are not beforehand in taking—the steps necessary to meet them. The prospective results of showing a firm front of resistance to the pretensions of Russia are in all human probability much exaggerated by those singular patriots who are assuring us that resistance is hopeless, but they are not such as can be wisely neglected. It is not, we think, likely that Russia will lay actual hands on Herat until "next time"; but, whether with or without withdrawal from the Afghan Frontier arrangement, she is pretty sure to do all in her power to bring herself within easy reach of that long-sought object of her advance. It is certain as anything can be that as she advanced from Merv to Sarakhs, and from Sarakhs to Pul-i-khatun, so she will continue to push on up the valley of the Heri Rud until that very vague sovereignty over the Salor Turkomans which M. LESSAR has been instructed to claim for her has been converted into something like reality. In short, she will do her utmost by irregular and, so to speak, illegal action to convert M. LESSAR's proposed frontier into another "accomplished fact." And it would be simple imbecility for our Government to stand tamely by while this process is being coolly carried out before their eyes. At whatever cost to their own pride and to the feelings of the Eighty Club, they must make all haste to undo the mischief they did a few years ago, and prepare at once to follow the advice which Sir EDWARD HAMLEY, by no means a fanatic for a forward policy, has been the first to tender them—namely, to reinforce largely through Kurrachee the scanty force we have between Khelat and the Khojak Pass without diminishing the British force in India; to push the railway with all speed to Candahar; and to hold themselves ready to advance through Candahar to the Helmund. At Candahar, if we are right in thinking that a Russian *coup de main* is not at the moment to be feared, we can wait and see whether the movements of Russia are such as to make it advisable for us to garrison Herat by arrangement with the AMEER.

#### THE EMPLOYED SOCIALIST.

MR. H. M. HYNDMAN'S attempt to find mischief for the idle hands of the unemployed last Tuesday ended for the moment in an absurd fiasco. He and his friends collected what would make a fair second-class Salvation Army mob. They paraded about with banners, were moved on by the police, and then went home, after undergoing a good deal of wholesome criticism from the rain. If the meeting had been composed wholly of unemployed workmen, and had been collected to ask for Government help, it would have been only one among many deputations which are for ever running to Whitehall to beg Ministers to do the impossible. It would even have been entitled to a certain sympathy. The community knows it is interested in helping the distressed part of the labouring class, and has, moreover, a very genuine wish to do so from motives of pure charity. But, as a matter of fact, it would be absurd to treat the demonstration on the Embankment and in Charles Street as representing the workmen at all. Such things are organized by wire-pullers, who may be merely deluded fanatics, but who are commonly something much worse. The rank and file of the meetings is made up from the great floating population of the East-End, which has no work to do because it prefers not to look for it. These nondescripts are left at leisure by the rather foolish charity which floods the East-End every winter, and are always at hand to represent the people of England when an agitator wants a chorus. A few workmen who are out of employment may come to look on, and a considerable body of roughs are sure to be present. When these elements are properly mingled, they constitute a very sufficient rabble, and are ready to walk after banners or shout in the intervals of hustling stray policemen. The authorities who are responsible for the maintenance of order in London have been, from different motives at various times, much too patient with these



disturbances. It has become a habit to treat them with a wholly undeserved consideration, and the demonstration on Tuesday profited by the toleration. After its proceedings, however, there would be a perfectly criminal stupidity in pretending to treat it as anything but an attempt on the part of certain very noxious agitators to promote riot and disorder. To talk about the distress, the greatly exaggerated distress, now prevailing as an excuse for things of the kind is as deliberate a piece of hypocrisy as the excuses found for the outrages in Ireland. The decent behaviour of the dock labourers who have since petitioned the HOME SECRETARY shows very forcibly the sham character of Mr. HYNDMAN's rabble.

The organizers of the meeting and the speakers who used grossly criminal language on Tuesday are not the less blameworthy because they did not succeed in bringing about any very conspicuous breach of order. A few policemen were able to prevent a riot, and their presence would have been enough to keep the peace without the appeals of the orator who harangued the mob from the lamppost—a very fit place for a revolutionary agitator. Neither is it any excuse for Messrs. HYNDMAN and Company that they are in nowise likely to succeed in disorganizing society. Their insufficient faculty for historical criticism has probably led them to rely too much on certain French precedents, and to overlook the fact that even in that revolutionary paradise the MACDONALDS, BURNS, and HYNDMANS of politics have almost uniformly attained to the gallows or its equivalent. Whoever else succeeded, they came to a bad end. Here we have seen their like before, and disposed of them at an even earlier stage of the proceedings. There are some worthy people who will defend the doings and sayings on Tuesday on other grounds. Of late years it has come to be a sign of a humane and superior mind to defend every excess which chooses to plead as its excuse that somebody is suffering. That it is commonly not the sufferers who commit the excesses, and that they can only aggravate the evil, are considerations which do not appear to weigh with these thinkers. They condone A.'s robbery of B. because C. is in depressed circumstances, and think themselves both wise and good for not allowing themselves to be run away with by panic. This ill-regulated sensibility is largely responsible for the follies of our little clique of Socialists. We should hear much less of them if hundreds of men and women who have no sympathy with their aims and avowed methods did not think it right to look on them as interesting though deluded enthusiasts, instead of treating them as the pest that they are. It would be underrating the power of stupidity and its offspring, which is gush, to suppose that Mr. HYNDMAN and others have done enough to convince their silly sympathizers of the folly of this social toleration. There are still, however, a majority of Englishmen who are capable of understanding that incitement to assassination is a most dangerous offence, and one which calls for immediate and exemplary punishment. The language used by Mr. HYNDMAN should be enough to settle the question whether his Socialistic propaganda is entitled to be treated as a mere matter of innocent discussion any longer. The petition presented to Mr. E. W. E. RUSSELL at the Local Government Office was mischievous because it asked the authorities to do a number of things which are bad in themselves, and which would defeat the avowed object of the deputation, which is to find a means of relieving the distress produced by the prolonged commercial depression. Happily for a large army of petitioners it is not a criminal offence, nor even a very serious moral error, to ask foolish things from Governments. It is the language used in the streets on Tuesday which calls for punishment. The resolution passed in the meeting was at best an indirect incitement to murder. In Mr. HYNDMAN's speech there was nothing indirect. He adapted the phrases of Mr. GLADSTONE and the style of Mr. HEALY with success. He certainly did not ask his friends to begin murdering at once, nor even next time, but only to make one more peaceful effort, and then set to work. Perhaps the moderate-minded people who are in such panic terror of being panic-stricken will find a distinction here, and feel called upon to wait until Mr. HYNDMAN is a little more explicit. Up to the present he has not denied that his language was seditious, unless a letter to the *Times*, in which he questions the verbal accuracy of its reports but adds that he meant the same thing in substance, is to be accepted as a denial. We have, however, surely had enough of the policy of allowing the mischief to be done before we will recognize it as possible. If holding up the proceedings of the Land League as an example is not an incitement to

rebellion, if taking "a life for a life" as a motto is not an incitement to murder, and if avowing his readiness in certain circumstances to form a secret society is not an incitement to combine both, it is difficult to say what degree of violence in language would justify legal proceedings against any man.

We think that the duty of the Home Office authorities is plain, so plain as to make it difficult to believe there will be any failure to discharge it; and it is satisfactory to see that they will be called upon in Parliament to say whether they mean to fulfil it. Mr. HYNDMAN and the other mob leaders ought to be immediately laid by the heels. No attention whatever should be paid to the usual cant about the danger of making such people important, and the unwisdom of making them martyrs. A man is not made important by being punished, and he is prevented from committing the offence again. It is also a fact, though various wiseacres deny it, that the certainty of being made a martyr has a very cooling effect on the enthusiasm of a vast majority of mankind. There is further no danger of making Mr. HYNDMAN important by making it impossible for him to be mischievously noisy. He and Messrs. BURNS, WILLIAMS, HENRY, and MACDONALD with him, ought to be pulled up not only because they are dangerous. If they once became too active, it will be a very short business to dispose of them. The reason for taking them in hand is the very simple one that they have used threatening and inflammatory language. They have incited to disorder, and should be treated accordingly. If Mr. HYNDMAN had threatened Mr. RUSSELL by name, nobody would be surprised if he were proceeded against for so doing. He has been more cautious—a self-control which shows that the fire of his enthusiasm can be tempered by prudential considerations—and has only menaced at large and with a circumstance. If indulgence in that form of heroism were made a little more costly, there is good reason to suppose that he would abstain from it also. Few whose opinions are entitled to any consideration can think that the necessary check should not be applied. Mr. HYNDMAN will not set a rebellion going, or do anything very formidable to the State, but he may well egg on some fool or madman to commit a crime. In the face of recent experience it is mere folly to consider such a danger as remote. It is very possible, and even probable. It is in any case monstrous that he and the few who work with him should be any longer allowed to suggest the expediency of committing murder under cover of propagating a political and social theory.

#### THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE LAW.

IT is a commonplace that the courts of law are concerned with all phases of human society and all varieties of human life. Illustrations might doubtless be drawn from every tribunal in the land, and from every week in the legal year. The last few days have yielded a remarkable contrast between the way we live now and the traditions of a past which HERODOTUS would have delighted to illuminate with his inimitably playful irony. Let us begin with our noble selves; for, as GEORGE ELIOT says, we must put up with our contemporaries, since we can live neither with our ancestors nor with posterity. The case of *TARN & Company v. LEIGH* turns on what the slang of the day, from which we can no more escape than from the Income-tax, calls an episode in modern courtship. An action for goods delivered does not promise much in the way of social or sentimental revelation. Nor does a denial of liability, on the ground that the things were really supplied to somebody else, materially improve the situation from a dramatic point of view. Appearances, however, are proverbially deceptive. When we say that the order for furniture was given by a clergyman, that he took that step in contemplation of marriage, that the engagement has since been broken off, and that now the gentleman thinks the lady ought to pay, we have at once secured the attention at least of our feminine, by which we do not necessarily mean our female, readers. The clergyman, or, to speak without prejudice, the defendant, has two strings to his bow. In the first place, he says that he would never have thought of taking the furniture if the lady had not promised to be his wife. In the second place, he contends, with pathetic irrelevance, that she is possessed of ample means, whereas his share of terrestrial riches is small. It is impossible not to sympathize with this reverend gentleman. But the world is not his friend, nor, per MANISTY and MATHEW, J.J., the world's law. The lady—whose position, at all events in an action

for goods delivered, is impregnable—simply denies having taken any part in the commercial transaction, though she admits, with delightful ingenuousness, that, if all had gone well, her money would have paid for that unlucky furniture. The defendant, like Lost Sir MASSINGBERD, found himself in a cleft stick. It may be that he is poor and the lady rich. If Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS made the songs of the people, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN its laws, that might suffice to settle the question. But “my aunt’s case” unhappily rests only on the doubtful authority of a County Court judge, and “who breaks pays” does not mean that she who breaks off a matrimonial engagement pays the upholsterer’s bill. Moreover, the defendant, in a moment of impulsive candour, possibly induced by a perusal of the eighth commandment, had admitted that he must “make some arrangement” for settling MESSRS. TARN’S little account. Perhaps Mr. LEIGH has not heard of another clergyman’s refusal to admit that two and two made four until he knew what use was to be made of the admission. Mr. Justice MANISTY, who takes an extra-judicial interest in his fellow-creatures, inquired what had become of the engagement, and, on being informed that it was at an end, replied “Oh!”—a remark suggestive of SOPHONISBA and JEMMY THOMSON. But the baffled suitor was refused leave to defend the action except on condition of paying the money into court.

It is a long way, in every sense, from the rights of an upholsterer in Southwark to the dignity of Raikat of BAIKUNTPORE. Both, however, are dependent upon the decision of the QUEEN’S Courts. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, on whose jurisdiction the sun is prevented by astronomical causes from setting, may be called upon to decide all conceivable questions, from the effect of an endorsement on a bill of exchange to the right of ministering before a Burmese idol. In this instance the dignity involved the possession of considerable estates, and was undoubtedly worth fighting for. The BAIKUNTPORE family claims an antiquity beside which our COURTENAYS and FEILDINGS look exceedingly small, and which brings one into contact with the origin of things. The original ancestor of the BAIKUNTPORES was SISU, who is declared by his proud descendants to have been the son of the god SIVA. On this account, as the Judicial Committee were solemnly informed, “all the members of the family assumed the name of DEB, and returned no salute that was made to them by any person.” It is gratifying to know that the association of rudeness with superiority is not an exclusive product of Western ideas. VISU, the brother of SISU, took the name of “Young SIVA,” when SISU apostatized to Hindooism. All these things the Judicial Committee gravely considered, and, reversing the judgment of the High Court at Calcutta, awarded the property to PANINDRA DEB RAIKAT. The romance of our Indian Empire may be read in the cases heard in that dingy little room on the first floor in Downing Street, which used to be called the cockpit. Nothing quite like it has been seen in the history of the world. Four or five elderly gentlemen, seated at a long table, give the law to a vast community removed by thousands of miles from these islands. From their decisions, which are technically but recommendations to the QUEEN, there is practically no appeal. Some of the Judges belong to the “great unpaid.” Some have had no previous training in Hindoo law, which is a complicated subject. Yet we believe that the Court is worshipped in some parts of India, and respected in all.

#### THE TERMS OF THE MOTION OF CENSURE.

WE will not recall the familiar Horatian line about a mouse and a mountain from its well-earned retirement; but the temptation to summon it once more for active service has seldom been stronger. The literary offspring of last Wednesday’s consultation between the leaders of the Conservative party is scarcely worthy of its distinguished parentage. The terms of Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE’S motion of censure are a disappointment to almost every Conservative in the country, with the exception of those few eminent members of the party who occupy the front Opposition Bench. They must disappoint the fighting Conservative, because they do not “show game” enough. They must equally dissatisfy the over-cautious Conservative, because they make a show of fighting at a time when he believes, and, as we think, rightly, that a merely feigned attack will do his party more harm than good.

They do not go far enough for the one, and they go too far—as any quasi-hostile motion would at this juncture go—too far for the other. And both sections of the party were at one in the perception—as, indeed, must be the entire British public as they examine its terms this morning—that, all questions of political tactics apart, the phrasing no more expresses what is felt by all the Conservatives, a very large section of the Liberals, and ninety-nine out of every hundred “unattached” Englishmen outside Parliament, on the subject of the Soudan troubles and the Egyptian policy of the Government generally, than if it were a mere formal “motion for papers.”

Let us see what are the propositions which Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE will ask the House to affirm. Substantially they are two in number. The first is that “the course pursued by HER MAJESTY’S Government in respect to the affairs of Egypt and the Soudan has involved a great sacrifice of valuable lives and a heavy expenditure without any beneficial results.” Undoubtedly this is true; but is it the whole or the most important aspect of the truth? Does it even contain the gist of the country’s complaint against its Government? Why, so far from doing this, it merely predicates of a particular war what might at some time or other during its course have been predicated of almost every war in which this, or for that matter any other, country was ever engaged. There is always, or nearly always, even in these days of swift warfare, a period during which the sacrifice of blood and treasure entailed by hostilities is disproportionate to the beneficial results for the time being attained. It is an assertion which the Whigs could have made, and, in fact, on many occasions did make, during the progress of the great struggle with NAPOLEON. It could have been made over and over again by discontented Northerners during the first two years of the American Civil War. But is it merely because the Government have sacrificed many valuable lives and spent much money in the Soudan without having anything at present to show for it, that the country feels towards the GLADSTONE Administration as it feels to-day? Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE knows as well as his most impatient follower, the most bumptious Minister knows as well as the most nervous Ministerialist, that that is not so. Not because the Government have merely failed, in fact, to reap the fruits of their outlay, but because they so ordered matters as to ensure that failure from the first; not because the harvest is late in coming, but because they have by their own execrable husbandry destroyed all prospect again and again of its ingathering, and because where such a succession of agricultural calamities is plainly due to the incompetence of the farmers and not to the act of God, it would be folly to allow him another season of neglect and bungling, to try if he cannot get the soil to yield something at last by sheer favour of fortunate weather; for these reasons it is, and for none other or less cogent, that the intelligent part of the nation would, as we believe, be well content to see the Government turned out of office before they are a week older. They have ceased to regard Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues as mere administrators, ceased to believe that they are capable of wisely planning, of steadfastly maintaining, of skilfully and providently executing any policy whatever; and this being, as we are firmly persuaded, the opinion of the great body of Englishmen, they will naturally read Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE’S motion with extreme disappointment. When a man finds himself cursed with a servant who breaks every thing he touches, and is as dishonest as he is destructive, who is too late for every duty, and never makes a “clean job” of anything, he is not satisfied with telling that servant that his engagement has involved a great sacrifice of valuable property without any beneficial result. He tells him plainly that he considers him an incapable and untrustworthy rascal, and orders him, if his misconduct has been very gross, to pack up his traps and take himself off forthwith.

Still less likely is he to content himself with informing “JEAMES” that it has become imperatively necessary for him, in the interests of his master and his master’s family, to “distinctly recognize and take decided measures to fulfil” his special responsibilities as a servant. Yet this, *mutatis mutandis*, is the second proposition which Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE’S so-called motion of censure invites the House of Commons to affirm. It asserts the “imperative necessity” of a recognition of certain “special responsibilities” on the part of the Government, and of the susception of “decided measures” to fulfil them—such responsibilities being



further defined as the obligation "to assure a good and stable Government to Egypt and those portions of the Soudan which are necessary to its security." And the first question which here suggests itself is, Why should the House affirm the imperative necessity of the Government distinctly recognizing responsibilities which they have distinctly recognized a dozen times already (and recognized again last Thursday night), or of their promising to take "decided measures" which they have promised a dozen times already (and promised again last Thursday night) to take in fulfilment of such responsibilities? Mr. GLADSTONE has told us till we are sick of hearing it that he means to "assure a good and stable Government in Egypt." He has always professed his resolve to assure a similar Government to those portions of the Soudan which are necessary to the security of Egypt; and when General GORDON, having failed to conciliate the MAHDI, suggested the rule of ZEBEHR PASHA, the Government would notoriously have jumped at that good and stable Government if they had dared. And at this moment having unfortunately failed in one set of "decided measures" in fulfilment of those responsibilities, they are about to take another set as decided as the hot weather will permit. In form, so far as mere words go, their reply to the motion is complete; indeed, it may be said to have been delivered already in that very "official" statement of the PRIME MINISTER'S, in which GORDON'S death at Khartoum obtained the honour of exactly two lines and a half of newspaper report. It is just because, while a verbally complete reply to the motion is easy for Ministers, a practically sufficient answer to the true case against them is impossible, that the ineffective setting forth of that case in Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S indictment is so much to be regretted. For it is to be observed that it not only fails to force a joinder of issue at the real point of attack, but it actually opens the way to a line of pleading which leads straight up to the favourite false issue of the Ministerialists. If the leader of the Opposition contents himself with a demand that the Government shall take certain "decided measures," and the Government reply that they are going to take decided measures—to wit, the following—what are the Opposition to rejoin? They can make no rejoinder which will not invite the retorting question, What more decided measures can you yourself propose? A mere variety of the stock interrogatory of the Ministerial sophist, What is your policy? Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, by the form of his motion, abstains from replying that the question is not one of policy but of administration; that there is not, and cannot be, any other policy for any English political party which would carry the country with it than that of "pegging away"; that this is exactly what the Government have never done with vigour and spirit for three months together during three years; that it is what their countrymen now no longer believe that they have the pluck and perseverance to do at all; and that, be this as it may, they deserve expulsion from power for having so often and so long, against so many warnings, and at so much cost to their country, delayed the commencement or suspended the operation of the pegging-away process. In one word, the question at issue between the country and its present rulers is a question not of measures but of men; and any formula of Parliamentary censure, which, like Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S seems to ignore this, is insufficient upon its very face.

#### PRIVATE COURSING.

THERE is probably no other form of sport so little understood as coursing by those who do not take part in it. There is certainly none against which so much prejudice exists even in the minds of sportsmen. Some dislike it as they dislike vivisection, knowing little about it, but believing it to be cruel. Others have perhaps attended a single coursing meeting, and have come away disgusted by the spectacle of a mob of yelling roughs, composed largely of the lowest order of betting men. These objections are not ill founded. There are many public meetings in defence of which no one possessing the instincts of a sportsman would desire to say a word. The unpleasantness, to speak mildly, of the surroundings is matched by the unfairness of the sport. The ground is of a nature to give the dogs every advantage over the hare; the luckless animal is, moreover, so bewildered by the wild hallooing of the spectators that she cannot fully exert her powers, and the proceedings do not rank much higher than the rabbit-worrying which takes place in the grounds of public-houses under the patronage of those enlightened politicians the miners and mill-hands of the North country.

But it is as unfair to visit such abuses on properly conducted

coursing as it would have been to abolish fox-hunting on the strength of the contemptible parody of the sport given a few years ago at the Alexandra Palace. There are public meetings and club meetings which afford pleasure to persons by no means brutal. To our mind, however, none of these are in the matter of real sport equal to private coursing. In the first place, it is better to take an active part in sport than merely to look on at it; and, besides this, in private coursing the conditions are usually more favourable to the hare. The dogs are not so fast as those which run for valuable stakes, and the hare is not bewildered by the sight and sounds of a great crowd. It would be difficult to find a fairer field for coursing than may be had in some parts of the Midland counties, where the land is mostly under grass, the fields are large yet not too large, and the country undulating. The fences are big and tolerably "blind," and spinneys here and there afford havens of refuge. Here, with dogs which, without possessing the finest speed, are stout and clever, the conditions of the sport are fair enough. Fences are, of course, a greater obstruction to the dogs than to the hare, while an occasional hill aptly illustrates the reply to the man's question in Dame Juliana Berners's charming Boke of St. Alban's:—

Tell me, mayster, quod the man, what is the skylk  
Why the haare wolde so fayne renne ayenst the hyz.  
Quod the mayster, for her legges be shorter before  
Than behynde, that is the skylk therefore.

Those who have seen a good hare actually gain upon dogs, which were perhaps imperfectly trained, in a straight run uphill will appreciate the soundness of the "mayster's" reason, whatever they may think of his rhythm. In such a country as that of which we write the conditions of the sport are fair enough. In a day's sport we have often seen on an average two hares out of three escape, especially in the latter part of the season, when they are large and strong and kept in good condition by the frequent disturbance caused by fox-hunting and farming operations.

A field of some dozen men on foot, including beaters, with four or five brace of dogs, is quite enough for enjoyment. There should also be one or two bold riders to follow the dogs and judge the courses. In the Midlands it is easy to find farmers who are glad of the opportunity of preparing their young horses for the wild rush of the hunting-field by submitting them to the milder yet stimulating excitement of coursing. Though such men may lack the experience of professional judges, their decisions as to the merits of the dogs will be in the main accurate enough. When they cannot decide, every one is glad to have a closely-contested course run over again for the pleasure of seeing an exciting struggle. Coursing in such circumstances affords a thoroughly enjoyable day's sport. Starting from home, after a breakfast which need not be too early, we walk to the farm on which operations are to be begun. A brace of dogs are soon in the slips, a second brace being led in couples rather behind the line of beaters, while the rest are sent on to await us a field or two ahead. The beaters walk in tolerably close order, keeping their eyes open and giving every big tuft of grass a rap with a stick, for a hare will often allow herself almost to be trodden upon rather than move. We are nearly across the field when the cry of "Sa ha" tells us that some one has seen a hare in her form. The slipper walks towards the spot, trying to get between the hare and the hedge, so that she may run towards the open field. Before he can succeed the hare starts up and makes for the hedge, which is only twenty yards away. It is not worth while to slip here, for the dogs will probably be unsighted at the hedge, and may very possibly spoil sport by putting up another hare in the next field, where there is good lying. Hares are not so plentiful as on the Altcar Flats or the Sussex Downs, and we cannot afford to throw away our chances. So pass is allowed to escape; the plunging dogs are quieted as soon as may be, and led through the gate into the next field. Here the slipper's forbearance is soon rewarded. A strong hare springs up, without waiting for the beaters, about forty yards in front of the dogs, and makes straight for the opposite fence. The field is a large one, so the slipper gives her plenty of law, letting the greyhounds, now wild with excitement, pull him after her until his practised eye and hand tell him that the hare has advantage enough, and that both his dogs are fairly in their stride. Then he lets go. The loosened collars fall with a jingling sound upon the grass, and the dogs, admirably slipped, shoot away, to all appearance still locked together. Soon one of them, a big red dog in his first season, forges ahead, and, as he nears the hare, leaves his rival half a dozen lengths behind him. He overtakes the hare just in time to prevent her reaching the hedge, but as he strikes at her she twists abruptly to the left. He tries to recover himself, blunders, and staggers on for a few strides, while his companion, a smaller and older dog, favoured by the hare's change of course, takes possession and turns her once and again before the red can get level with him. They now work more evenly, and some pretty exchanges take place, in the course of which the hare gets nearer and nearer to a high straggling hedge running along the side of the field. The dogs see it, and make a tremendous effort, but at the critical moment the red again overshoots the mark, cannons slightly against the black, and the hare pops through a well-known "run" into the next field. The dogs follow, but they hang awhile in the hedge, flounder into and out of the ditch on the other side, and when they disappear over the brow of a slight hill the hare has a lead of some eighty or ninety yards. Now is the time for the farmer on horseback. He crashes through the hedge, with his

right arm well in front of his face, leaving his bat behind him, and gallops to the hill-brow, where he pulls up, and sits gazing in the direction taken by the hare. Meanwhile, the second brace of dogs is led up and put in the slips, and the field gather in a little knot to talk over the course, in their account of which, somehow, no two of them exactly agree, until the dogs are seen slowly returning with drooping heads and heaving flanks, to be wrapped in their clothing and walked gently about to recover themselves. The farmer, who now rejoins us, says that the dogs never again quite came up with the hare, which escaped to covert. It is needless to describe more courses, or to discuss the characteristics, moral and physical, of the various hares seen—the stout straight runners, the weaklings at which no true sportsman would slip his dogs, and the turning, twisting hares which, like persons habitually dishonest, seem to delight in shifty courses for their own sake. By the time that we arrive at the hour and the place appointed for lunch, every one feels that the meal has been well earned. The walking has been mostly upon grass, but we have scrambled through awkward fences, led refractory dogs, crossed heavy ploughed fields, where each boot has felt like a leaden weight, taken our turn at slipping, and, unless we share the Spectator's Aversion to leaping Hedges, enjoyed one or two scampers across country after the dogs on the horse of a good-natured farmer. It is to be hoped that the morning's sport has satisfied the most ardent spirits, for the enlarged views of lunch held in a farmhouse in the Midlands will probably induce a certain lethargy in the afternoon.

It will be evident that the most desired office in the field is that of slipper, and the difficulty is not so much to find a good one as to persuade incompetent hands to let the task alone. The work is not so easy as it appears to the inexperienced onlooker; nor, on the other hand, is it quite so difficult as the same person will probably suppose after a first trial. It requires some bodily vigour, a knowledge of the speed of both dogs and hares, and, above all, a cool head, without which no amount of practice will ever make a good slipper. Unhappily, coolness is a quality which every man supposes himself to possess, and consequently one often in private coursing sees some very odd slipping. The commonest blunder of beginners is to let the dogs go the moment the hare gets up, instead of allowing the "twelvescore law," which, according to the rules of the sport quoted in Gervase Markham's *Country Contentments*, "the fewer shall give the hare ere he loose the greyhounds, except it be in danger of losing sight." A bad slipper will often give one dog a lead of many lengths, or perhaps let them go when only one of them has sighted the hare, so that the other, guessing from previous knowledge that there is game afoot, but not having the least idea where, dances foolishly about, and leaves his competitor to run his course alone. We have beheld the ridiculous spectacle of an excitable man who had slipped at the wrong moment, rushing across a field with the slips trailing behind him, apparently under a delusion akin to that of Leech's distinguished foreigner who set off to catch the fox. Our coursing friend diminished his scanty chances of overtaking his dogs by wasting his breath in loud apologies for their untimely release. Lack of activity sometimes brings the amateur slipper to shame and sorrow. Trusting to the strong pull of the dogs he attempts to clear a brook, but their help fails him at the critical moment; he jumps short, and finds himself floundering in the oozy bed while his dogs are dancing and straining on the bank above, almost dragging his arm out of the socket, and getting themselves into a state of entanglement which, prior to experience, one would imagine eight legs and a leather thong incapable of producing. Even the apparently simple operation of getting dogs through a post and rails with the slips on presents difficulties, especially if one animal desires to leap the obstacle while his companion is equally determined to creep through it. Every slipper should lay to heart the injunctions of that excellent sportsman Arrian, whose *Cynegeticus*, written in the age of the Antonines, is still the most delightful of all treatises on coursing:—

He who has good dogs must not give them too short a slip, nor slip more than a brace at once, for, even if the hare be very swift, and have oftentimes escaped from many dogs, yet when roused from her form with loud hallooing and with the dogs pressing close upon her, she must needs be terror-stricken and fluttered at heart. And in such case many a stout hare hath perished ingloriously without showing any sport worthy of record.

In Arrian's day, as in ours, those who had Mrs. Battle's love for the rigour of the game suffered much from the irregular proceedings of excitable slippers. Matters were complicated by the want of proper slips, which did not exist in those simple times. Indeed, the slips now used, consisting of a pair of collars fastened by metal wedges or springs which are pulled by means of a cord passing up the middle of the main thong, seem to be quite a modern invention. Each greyhound was led by his owner, and Arrian complains that "when a hare is put up no one can refrain from letting his dog go, whether because each man wishes to see his own run, or that every one is so excited by the hallooing that he loses his head." With such an irregular method of slipping, the start, even when only two dogs were released at once, must have lacked the precision necessary to a good course. It is evident, however, throughout the treatise that the contest between the dogs had little to do with Arrian's enjoyment of the sport. He regards the chase as a trial of speed and cunning between pursuer and pursued, and, though he rejects the famous maxim of the cookery-book, "first catch your hare," and tries, like Sir Roger de Coverley, to save the life of an animal that has afforded good sport, he is still

far from holding the view of the modern coursing man that the function of the hare is merely to make the dogs gallop.

With regard to the dogs themselves, Juliana Berners's enumeration of points still holds good:—

A greyhounde shulde be heded like a Snake; and necked like a Drake. Foted like a Kat. Tayled like a Rat. Syded lyke a Teme. Chyned like a Beme.

The last of these maxims is misquoted by Youatt and others who seem to have followed him blindly. They write "chined like a Bream," and we have heard arguments in favour of a highly arched loin based on the misquotation. The felicity of the comparison with a beam must be appreciated by all who are familiar with the massive, square-cut look of a well-developed loin. Arrian makes length from head to tail the chief point, and of course length has much to do with speed; but for the country of which we are writing size and length of stride are of less importance than compactness and turning power. It is necessary that dogs should be good fencers, and, moreover, clever at making their way through "bullfinches" and other obstacles which they cannot possibly get over. A great difficulty in the way of private coursers is that a dog, seeing so many more hares than he would see if he were kept for public coursing, often begins to "run cunning," and to display the characteristics of a lurcher rather than of a greyhound. He will cease to exert himself in the run-up, trusting to the chapter of accidents to bring the wearied hare within reach of his jaws later on. Perhaps he will stop short at a fence, and wait for his more ingenuous comrade to drive the game back again. A dog which has developed such habits must be got rid of at once. Besides spoiling sport, he will corrupt his kennel-companions—for when cunning is the lesson the dullest dogs are apt pupils. We once saw an elderly couple of greyhounds, the fruitful parents of many useful dogs, and themselves once of high renown in their own country, whose owner, a farmer, always took them out when his wife wanted a hare for dinner. These experienced animals, whose love of sport age could not diminish, would hunt by sight as long as possible, running wide of each other, and driving the hare backwards and forwards between them like a shuttlecock between two battledores, or Mr. Pickwick between Messrs. Dodson and Fogg. As soon as they were unsighted, down went their noses, and the chase was continued by scent. Their master never attempted to follow them, and they usually justified his confidence by returning in due time side by side, one of them carrying the hare in his mouth with something of a retriever's tenderness.

#### TAKE NO NOTICE.

WE have frequently pointed out, among our other good qualities, the judicial impartiality with which public men are treated in this *Review*. Everybody gets exactly what he deserves, and sometimes he gets a good deal of it. It is therefore with peculiar pleasure that we notice two occasions this week on which it is possible to commend Mr. Gladstone. That is a bold word, no doubt, with telegrams of disaster and disgrace ringing in the ears; but still Mr. Gladstone has on two occasions during this week been worthy of commendation, and commended he shall be. The first was (or was made public, which is the same thing) on Wednesday, the second on Thursday. A person, it seems, who must have been either a political Dissenter or an idiot, had written from Accrington to ask the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Granville (poor Lord Granville! what had he to do with it? is not Prince Bismarck enough for him?) whether the clergy and bishops of the Church of England are State-paid. Of the three answers Mr. Gladstone's wins in a walk. Lord Salisbury, as might be expected, was sound and not loquacious, but he indulged his correspondent with unnecessary, and even to some extent incomplete, information, by saying that the clergy are paid from ancient endowments. So they are, but they are paid from modern endowments too—and a good many of them. Lord Granville, who is always polite, except when he breaks up Conferences and declines to answer Prince Bismarck's letters (that is to say, except on the occasions when it is particularly important to England that he should be polite), entered into elaborate references to Blackstone's Commentaries, the Tithes' Commutation Act, "most Encyclopedias," and other literature. But Mr. Gladstone's answer is absolutely faultless:—"Sir,—Mr. Gladstone, in reply to your letter, desires me to inform you that the clergy of the Church of England are not State-paid." Alas! alas! that Mr. Gladstone does not always write thus. In the first place, his statement is true, which, with all respect be it spoken, his statements are not by any means invariably; in the second place, it is admirably to the point, which his statements scarcely ever are; in the third, it is made on the right side, in the right way, and to good purpose, which nowadays it is scarcely too much to say that his statements never are.

Oh, had he been content to serve the Church  
And leave the Nonconformist in the lurch;  
Ourselves had tuned the harp his ear to please,  
And softened these immortal articles.

Which very odd rhyme, as the instructed know, is a genuine oddity of the great original of these lines.

The second instance is of a different kind. Some time ago, it seems, Mr. Marriott, who has a special commission for saying things unpleasant to Radical Ministers, said at a public meeting what most Englishmen have been saying in private about the



very singular opportunities which Mr. Gladstone takes for patronizing the drama. This shocked some admirer of Mr. Gladstone very much, and (they are friends, perhaps, more zealous than agreeable, these admirers) he brought it to Mr. Gladstone's notice, as the phrase for this purpose made and provided in penny-a-lining English has it. Mr. Gladstone replied that "He thinks it best to take no notice of such reflections as those to which you call his attention." The Court is with Mr. Gladstone, very heartily with him. It was undoubtedly the best thing for Mr. Gladstone to take no notice of such reflections, though it might be better still not to have done the things which give occasion to the reflections. But it must be obvious to any one who knows the Premier's habits that there must be, as is vulgarly said, "something up" when Mr. Gladstone adopts this judicious but unaccustomed mode of defence. When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath, when Mr. Gladstone is not ready with a *distinguo*, things have gone far, very far, out of their ordinary condition. A vague legend has got about that Mr. Gladstone entirely declines to regard this present post-haste and rummage in the land as anything out of the way. There is no expedition to Soukum, or anywhere else; it is only a "relief of battalions"; the same sort of thing, say, as when the Guards go from Windsor to the Wellington Barracks, or from the Wellington Barracks to Windsor. This is the Mr. Gladstone that we know; but the Mr. Gladstone who thinks it best to take no notice is a new and remarkable Mr. Gladstone. Think what an opening for casuistry there was in Mr. Marriott's statements! It might have been urged, as Mr. Cox or Mr. Box of Nottingham, we really forget which, urged the other day in the *Daily News* about a greater matter, that, as the act was Mr. Gladstone's act, it must be right, and there need be no more potter about it. It might have been suggested that it was not Mr. Gladstone, but a dummy dressed up by wicked Tories. That the reputed author of the play belongs to a party so notoriously eager for the success of the English arms that mere assistance at his drama was an act of warlike defiance to England's foes. That General Gordon was a troublesome person (which, indeed, has been the constant Ministerial view about the latest addition to the red-letter saints of the calendar of English heroism), and that it did not matter whether he was dead or not. That Khartoum was a long way off, and that Mr. Gladstone wishes it were further. That it is a poor heart that never rejoices. That the Redistribution Bill is practically safe. That Lord Rosebery was ready to join the Government. That Lord Randolph Churchill is in India. That there are no signs of the dawn of intelligence in Parliamentary intellects of the Caine-Fowler order. That Lord Ripon, having done as much harm as he could (which was a good deal) in India, is now doing as much harm as he can (which is not much) in England. That Lent is at hand, and Mr. Gladstone does not like going to the theatre in Lent. That Sir Stafford Northcote is still leader of the Opposition. That *The Candidate* is a satire upon Parliamentary government, and so is Mr. Gladstone himself. All these, and more than all these, things Mr. Gladstone might have said, but he did not; he thought it best to take no notice, and best it undoubtedly was—that is to say, if it had been possible.

What is really most pleasing about this little incident is that Mr. Gladstone has here unconsciously summarized the entire foreign and much of the home policy of his Government. Lord Granville thought it best to take no notice of Prince Bismarck's letters. Lord Derby thought it best to take no notice of the wishes of the Australians. Mr. Chamberlain thought it best to take no notice of the demands of Mr. Jarvis and some other persons that they should not be libelled under cover of the privilege of Parliament, and will doubtless think it best to take no notice of the mishap of Mr. Tangye's nephew and of the abject "coming down" of his friends at Birmingham who provided the affidavits. But the Government bodily, and Mr. Gladstone himself as their representative and head, may be thought to have illustrated most admirably this policy of taking no notice. They took no notice of the advance of Russia in Central Asia. They took no notice of the little fact, that if you sometimes insult and always ignore the most powerful nation on the Continent, it is likely to do you an ill-turn some fine day. They took no notice of the very patent other facts that French friendship was uncertain and almost valueless, Russian enmity certain and threatening. As to Egypt, the whole of the memorable and disastrous events of the last three years may be said to have arisen from a courageous, an heroic maintenance of the policy of "take no notice." The good people who tell us that the Government have been right, or at most excusably wrong, all through, will perhaps be glad to hear a dispassionate enumeration of some of the chief occasions on which Mr. Gladstone practised this notable receipt for getting out of difficulties—or into them. He took no notice of the apparently simple fact that, if you bombard a town without men to land after the bombardment, the result is not likely to be satisfactory; that when you have knocked to pieces the army, police, and institutions generally of a vast dominion, something has got to be put, and put quickly, in their place; and that you cannot wash your hands of a great occupied territory as large as a large European country merely by washing them. He took no notice of the Hicks expedition, with the result that the Mahdi took a good deal of notice of it. He took no notice of Sinkat, with the result that the men there were chiefly massacred, and the women and children were subjected to what Mr. Gladstone himself would probably call the operation of the institutions of the country. He took notice of the outcry at this latter business sufficiently to send General Gordon; but he took good care to vindicate the principle, and to take no more notice of

General Gordon himself till a fresh outcry forced him to do so in the summer. The iteration of phrase is perhaps becoming damnable, though most assuredly it is not so damnable as the conduct which has necessitated it, and it may be better to say that, from the day of the Alexandrian bombardment to the day of the Criterion visit, and apparently later, Mr. Gladstone has, except on about three occasions, under popular pressure, adopted the masterly policy of "take no notice." Most people, except Mr. Box or Cox of Nottingham, know the result.

There is, however, one application of the policy of taking no notice which will be more wonderful than any of Mr. Gladstone's, and that is, if the English people consent to take no notice of Mr. Gladstone's own conduct. That seems to be the principal question just at this moment, and we are afraid that neither that admirable letter of Mr. Gladstone's about the sources of clergymen's stipends nor the extreme intelligence of his refusal to take any notice of Mr. Marriott's remarks ought to influence the decision here. There are some people who go so far as to think and say that, though the clergy of the Church of England are not paid by the State, the First Lord of the Treasury is, and that an incompetent First Lord of the Treasury had better be sent about his business rapidly, if not paid in some quite other fashion. They say—these irreverent people—that it is best to take a great deal of notice of the way in which an English envoy's life has been thrown away, an English army risked, a huge mass of trouble and loss brought on the English nation. They are disposed to give Mr. Gladstone the greatest credit for his improvement in letter-writing, and having done this, to give him something very different from credit for the little matters in relation to which he himself thinks it best to "take no notice."

#### THE PEABODY TRUST AND THE POOR.

THE annual report of the Peabody Fund is always satisfactory reading. It is the record of a munificent gift, administered with unusual prudence and success. It is now twenty-three years since Mr. Peabody made to the London poor his first gift of 150,000*l.* Four years later he added 100,000*l.*; two years afterwards another 100,000*l.*; and finally, in 1873, he made up the whole fund to half a million sterling. Since the first establishment of the fund, over three hundred and fifty thousand pounds have been received in the shape of rent and interest, and nearly four hundred thousand pounds, of which rather less than fifty thousand are now paid off, have been borrowed. When the buildings now in course of erection are completed, the trustees will have got to the length of their tether, and can undertake no fresh work until the debts they have incurred are paid off. The net income of the trust, when the new buildings are finished, will probably be near thirty thousand pounds; and in a few years the fund should be free of all liabilities, and the trustees able to use their annual income in still further extending Mr. Peabody's work. Last year more than eighty thousand pounds were spent on land and buildings. Eleven blocks of buildings, containing 514 rooms, were opened at Clerkenwell; and all, the Report tells us, are now occupied. Eight blocks in Little Coram Street, containing 450 rooms, were finished towards the close of last year, and are now being gradually let. In the course of the present year it is expected that five new blocks will be ready for occupation at Islington, and five more at Westminster. The total amount spent by the trustees since the establishment of the fund amounts to more than one million one hundred and seventy thousand pounds sterling. Over ten thousand rooms, occupied by more than eighteen thousand persons, have been provided for the working classes. In view of the statements made several years ago that the buildings do not meet the wants of those for whom they were intended, but are occupied by a higher class of tenants, it is satisfactory to read that the average weekly earnings of each head of a family in residence at the end of last year was one pound three shillings and eightpence farthing. The average rent of each dwelling is four shillings and eightpence three-farthings a week, and of each room two shillings and a penny-halfpenny. The free use of water, laundries, sculleries, and bath-rooms is included in these rents. Only seventy-four of these tenements consist of as many as four rooms; over sixteen hundred consist of three; more than two thousand one hundred and fifty of two; and a little over seven hundred of one. The birth-rate is higher and the death-rate lower in these buildings than in London generally; and it is worth while to notice that the statistics of infant mortality testify, along with other returns, to the excellent sanitary state in which they are kept.

It is superfluous to praise a work, the value of which is so widely recognized. What may fairly be a subject of surprise is the fact that of the vast sums of money given away annually in this country for the benefit of the poor, so small a proportion has been similarly employed. There is certainly no way in which the physical and moral well-being of the poorer classes can be more surely promoted than by providing them with clean and healthy homes. Temperance, thrift, decency, and the domestic virtues cannot flourish in a pigery; and, however successful moral and religious efforts may be in rescuing individuals from the debasing influences of their surroundings, it is vain to expect any general rise in the spiritual state of a class left without the elementary conditions of a decent life. When we consider the vast fortunes—larger than any man can need or spend—which exist in this country, and the spirit of sympathy which generally prevails on the part of the rich towards the poor, it seems strange that more of our wealthy countrymen have

not followed the example so nobly set to us by an American. There are but few, it may be, who can afford to give on so magnificent a scale as Mr. Peabody; but it is certain that, if the importance of the subject were felt as it deserves to be, another half-million sterling could be raised within a month, and the donors would not feel themselves for practical purposes any the poorer. The whole question of the housing of the poor is one that will have to be seriously faced in the immediate future. It is recognized by the leaders of both parties as one of national concern; and it is of the highest importance that we should clearly understand the principles on which alone the problem can be wisely solved. The subject has of late been fertile in much false pathos, bad political economy, and misrepresentation of fact. It is also one on which the judgment of those persons who think clearly and soberly is apt to be confused by very natural sympathies. It is one, too, on which mistaken action is certain to create far greater evils than those which it attempts to cure; and any attempt to solve the problem on unsound principles should be strenuously resisted at the outset.

In the first place, without underrating the magnitude of the evil, the extent to which the State can deal with it has been greatly exaggerated. Undoubtedly, both in London and in the large towns of the United Kingdom, there still exist "rookeries" which are unfit for human habitation, and which are nothing else than centres of crime and disease. That these must be abolished is clear. But then comes the question, What is to be done with the population thus turned adrift? For the most part it consists of idle, vicious, drunken persons, of thieves, tramps, prostitutes, and of people hiding away from the police. When their old haunts are pulled down and decent houses erected on the vacant sites, are the ejected tenants likely to return, or are they even likely to have migrated meanwhile to respectable dwellings elsewhere? For two reasons this seems improbable. First, the habit of herding together in filthy rooms is found to unfit them, when the experiment has been tried, for decent quarters. They prefer piggery to decency. In the next place, even if they were all transferred to model tenements, where is the rent for their new houses to come from? In their present dwellings they are nearly always in arrear; they earn wages, when they do any honest work at all, only at irregular times; and it is most unlikely that they would be able to pay the higher rents which must in the natural course of things be asked for better accommodation. This difficulty can only be met in one of two ways—either by suffering them to come to the work-house, or else by letting the new houses at less than their market value. In various quarters we have seen suggestions to the latter effect, and the proposal falls in with the Socialistic ideas which are now so freely ventilated. We can imagine no more disastrous policy. It would be far better to leave the whole subject alone than to introduce this new and insidious scheme for pauperizing the whole population. At a recent inquiry held on this subject by a Sub-Committee of the Town Council in one of our large towns, a witness was asked what he expected himself from the application of the Artisans' Dwellings Act. He replied that he wanted a house worth five shillings a week for half-a-crown. The difference, it is needless to say, must come out of the taxpayer's pocket, and the tenant of such a house is as much in receipt of public relief as if he got his weekly half-crown from the Poor-rates. The Peabody Trustees have wisely avoided anything tending to pauperize their clients. The fund is no financial failure, and the inmates of the tenements have to pay a fair price for what they get. That this principle be rigidly adhered to, whether the new dwellings for the poor be provided by public funds or by private munificence, is of the first importance. One false step at the outset, by giving an impetus and a sanction to Socialistic theories, will do far more of permanent harm to the poor of this country than such legislation can afford them of temporary relief.

There is a large class, however, of the dwellings of the poor which, without being such that they ought in the public interest to be demolished, and without being unfit for habitation, are still far from being what they should be. This is the most difficult class of cases to deal with. It is quite clear that such improvements in these houses as the law may have a right to insist on must be made at the landlord's expense. The tenant has no capital, and of course stands in a wholly different position from a leaseholder of a larger house. The State, we take it, has a perfect right to insist, under severe penalties in case of default, on the landlord's keeping his houses in a healthy condition. There may be some difficulty in enforcing this rule in certain instances. Sometimes the local sanitary official may be crotchety and "faddy," and may refuse his certificate to a house perfectly fit to live in; or, again, he may be lax, or may be disposed to prophesy smooth things to his employers. We could mention a case of a sanitary officer in one of our large towns as having reported whole streets to be in a satisfactory state, when in fact there was not a house in any one of them which further inquiry did not show to be dangerously unhealthy. We must not, however, shut our eyes to one certain result of the proposed legislation on this question, just and necessary as it may be. If the landlord has to spend money on improving the sanitary state of his property, he will naturally recoup himself by raising his rents. This is a contingency which has not been sufficiently foreseen and considered by some who have talked loudest on the subject.

#### WINTER GARDENS.

WHEN Bacon wrote his memorable essay on gardens, and regretted that fine gardening was so much more rare than good architecture, it was without a doubt to open-air gardening that his allusions were made. A well-planted garden is interesting and cheerful at all times and seasons; but winter is, after all, the true test and touchstone of the gardener's art. More especially is this true in the case of town parks and open spaces, wherein a desert of bare earth but too often succeeds the flowers of summer. In spring and autumn we have greenery and the brightest of flower-colour everywhere; but just "now is the winter of our discontent," when fresh leafage or jewel-like glints of colour here and there are as precious as is the sunshine itself of these wintry days. After all, there are many plants in our gardens which will pass through our worst winters unscathed; and even were we confined to our native shrubs alone, we have hollies and ivies of kinds many and varied, and a judicious use of these, unaided by exotics, would at least give an air of cheerfulness to beds and borders which are, alas! too often left desolate and tenantless from November until February. As a fact, we have hardy plants by the hundred with which to bridge over that period of desolation which begins with the fading of the chrysanthemum and only leaves us when "golden crocus crowns the green."

But what is equally, indeed especially, desirable is a new race of gardeners, who will devote their thought and skill to open-air gardening; and this in the main is the "lion in our path," the point whereon as a nation of gardeners we fail. There is not one gardener in fifty who would not rather be pottering about in hot-houses, or devoting all his energy to orchids or exhibition plants, rather than he would try to make a beautiful open-air garden. This is a hard saying, but it is worthy of all acceptance, because it is a true one; and we are sure many employers and amateurs whose experience agrees with our own will bear out the statement. Of all the truisms horticultural that particular one of Cowper's, "Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too," is perhaps the most self-evident in our gardens to-day. You see hot-houses or greenhouses everywhere, and far be it from our intention to deprecate their right and proper employment, since only by their aid can we ever hope to enjoy to the full the grace of tender ferns or the voluptuous delicacy of tropical orchids in our Northern climate. But the glass-house, with all its excellences and comfortable conveniences, brought in its train some evils, not the least of which was that they rendered possible the expulsion of those dear old flowers which our great-grandmothers loved as children. That they also opened the way for that era of gaudy "bedding-plants"—a mania the excesses of which all true gardeners deplore—is, of course, well known. Then, as we have before said, the eagerness to be employed under a glass roof has actually demoralized our gardeners as a class, and brought about an evil it will take years of good teaching to remedy. But the pleasure of a true and vigorous renaissance is ours, for not only have we brought back to the quaint and cosy old country houses all the old favourites of Gerard and of Parkinson—in a word, the flowers of Shakspeare's epoch—but so strong is this reviving love that hundreds, if not thousands, of the beautiful wild flowers of Europe, Northern Asia, and of America, never before cultivated, are now to be found in English gardens. What now seems to us most necessary is some well-directed effort towards enlivening our gardens during the dullest portion of the year, using for this purpose plants that are perfectly hardy and beautiful in leafage at least, even if not in blossom. It is so easy to "paint the lily," or, in other words, to make the garden gay in summer-time—nature does that—but to do so in winter is a far greater triumph.

Outdoor gardening in a word is like fine sculpture; we appreciate it only after having passed through the "valley of humiliation" of art. So also must the artist-gardener struggle through the flashy triumphs of hothouses and "show-plants," of "bedding-plants," and glass roofs, ere the noble simplicity and ever-growing beauty of open-air gardening is revealed to him. Given a deep, rich soil, well drained, of course, and its potentialities are as infinite as clay in the modeller's hands. It is the canvas on which may be painted a living picture of ever-changing beautiful things. We must have evergreen shrubs for groups on the grass or as drapery for tree-trunks or bare walls. In smoky districts or near towns conifers of all kinds are perfectly useless, and one must mainly employ glossy-leaved hollies, ivies, aucubas, euonymus, and perhaps rhododendrons in bold groups. The large-leaved golden ivy is especially warm and bright in tone, and should be largely employed in suitable positions on walls or pillars, where its glowing colour may remind one of "sunshine in a shady place." Beside it, for contrast, the "coral thorn," or pyracantha, may be planted, for the sake of its winter harvest of bright red fruit, as recommended by Parkinson two hundred and fifty years ago. So, also, the oval-leaved garrya may be employed, since even now its soft grey tassels dangle in the breeze, reminding one of the willow catkins or "palms" of early spring. The golden Japanese, or winter jasmine, is also a most valuable shrub, and an ivied wall bespangled with its golden stars is now a pretty sight. Then, for variety, we must have the "Japan allspice," the waxen buds and bells of which already glisten on its ash-grey shoots, and exhale a perfume beyond all words. The strawberry arbutus, also, has every shoot tipped with clusters of pale, waxy bells, and the round red fruits glisten warmly from among the last year's leaves. A few rich brown or vivid golden



wallflowers are peeping here and there, and the smaller blue periwinkle is in flower, and by looking closely one may perceive the points of the snowdrop, and the broader tips of daffodil leaves peering in groups among its trailing stems. On sunny mornings you may catch the breath of the violets and the magic perfume of dying strawberry leaves, and the scent of rosemary and the aromatic odour of box and of golden thyme is abroad. During the short, dark days, indeed, every floweret, every fragrant green leaf, is appreciated at its true value, and at no other time of the year are the results of good gardening so acceptable as at the present season. And, after all, there is no reason why our parks and gardens should not be cheerful and interesting, even if not absolutely showy, during winter. We can have columns of the golden ivy before mentioned, the crimson shoots of the dogwood may gleam here and there near to water margins in contrast with the slender wands of the golden osier. We can have clumps or beds of the Christmas hellebore, of which there are three or four noble varieties, each and all them finer in leafage and in blossoming than is the common wild type now most generally seen. Of yuccas, which are really great evergreen lilies of noble appearance at all seasons, we have a dozen species, all good, and all of which may be well grown in London gardens, if once well planted in beds of good well-drained soil. But to obtain beautiful effects all the year round in a garden demands much thought and some experience, and after all, gardeners capable of the highest effort in this direction are so much like the poets, that they must be born rather than made.

## DOCTOR BUTLER.

THE announcement made last Tuesday that Dr. Butler, for twenty-five years Headmaster of Harrow, was to succeed Mr. Bickersteth in his brief tenure of the Deanery of Gloucester, will have taken nobody by surprise. For a long time past indeed Dr. Butler's name has been, so to say, in the air for preferment, and hardly a bishopric or deanery has become vacant for the last ten years to which some floating rumour has not assigned his name; notably it was so with the Deanery of Westminster on Dr. Stanley's death. By those who are interested in Gloucester the news will be received with unmixed satisfaction; by those who are interested in Harrow with satisfaction not unmingled with regret, partly perhaps that he has not been preferred to a higher dignity—though that may come afterwards—but certainly in part at the approach of the inevitable moment when he must quit the position he has so long and so admirably filled. But all will agree that after the unremitting labour of more than a quarter of a century in an office equally honourable and arduous, a Headmaster may well claim his right to vacate a throne which can never be a bed of roses. We say advisedly a throne, for there is much force in a remark attributed to the late King of the Belgians, when he visited Harrow about half a century ago, under the headmastership of Dr. Longley, afterwards primate. "It appears to me," he is reported to have said to his host, "that your position, as Headmaster of a great English public school, is very analogous to that which I have just assumed." And the analogy was closer even than Leopold supposed. About five years previously Dr. Arnold had gone to Rugby and begun the great reform which was destined to renew and rehabilitate, while preserving its essential characteristics intact, the whole public school system throughout England, and which could not fail *inter alia* enormously to increase the responsibility and influence of Headmasters. Harrow was one of the first of the great public schools to be drawn within the sweep of the advancing wave. While Dr. Arnold was at the height of his power and activity at Rugby, Dr. Wordsworth—a very different man indeed, but still of the modern, not the Dr. Busby type—succeeded Dr. Longley at Harrow; and he made the monitorial system, on which Dr. Arnold had laid so much stress, an integral element of his administration, while he followed the same example in emphasizing the religious side of his office through the chapel services and sermons, which were introduced for the first time at Harrow under his auspices. For there was no School Chapel before, and the boys had to attend the long and somewhat dreary functions—if such a term may be applied to them—at the parish church, then conducted on the model of the strictest sect of Evangelicals. To Dr. Wordsworth, who, in spite of adverse circumstances and some mistakes which entailed a temporary falling off of numbers, did a real work at Harrow, succeeded in 1845 Dr. Vaughan, now Dean of Llandaff, one of Arnold's favourite pupils, and naturally the Arnoldian reform was carried on and more fully established. Those who would ascertain some measure of the gulf which separates the public school life of to-day from that of fifty years ago cannot do better than study the last hundred pages of the first volume of the Rev. T. Mozley's recently published *Reminiscences of Towns, Villages, and Schools*—prosy volumes—describing his own experiences of Charter House at that period. It is impossible to mistake the substantial identity of principle which has always distinguished the English from all foreign methods of secondary education, but the difference in tone and spirit and a hundred little details is equally unmistakable. We are speaking here exclusively of the discipline and domestic and moral life, not of the course of instruction, which is a separate matter, and where some recent changes may no doubt reasonably give rise to serious difference of opinion. And of that transformation it is hardly too

much to say that, whereas under the old régime the boys existed for the sake of the school, in its financial capacity, the school is now understood to exist for the sake of the boys.

Dr. Vaughan was succeeded in January 1860 by one of his own former pupils, whose election he had with a wise foresight urged on the Governing Body. And those who recollect Dr. Butler's first appearance at Harrow about fifteen years before that, as a bright engaging boy, already giving early but conspicuous promise of future distinction as a scholar and eminence as a man, will not wonder at the result. It has ever been a crucial contrast between the ordinary practice of Harrow and Eton that the Headmasters of the former school have almost invariably been chosen from without. A century at least must have elapsed, perhaps a longer interval, since an old Harrovian had ruled at Harrow. But Dr. Butler was an Harrovian of the Harrovians. His father had for nearly a quarter of a century been Headmaster, and though he was not actually born at Harrow—for the late Dean of Peterborough had resigned his office four years before—he was destined for Harrow from the cradle, and may be said to have been nurtured in a Harrow atmosphere, and with a fixed ambition from the first to attain what he had learnt to look upon as the proud position of a Harrow boy. When, after carrying off in quick succession all the highest prizes at school and afterwards at Cambridge, he returned at the early age of twenty-six to succeed his old and honoured teacher in the government of the great institution which had been the home of his earliest affections and his earliest triumphs, and where some few of his former schoolfellows still remained, he brought to the task not merely the zeal of an earnest Christian and the gifts of an accomplished scholar for undertaking a charge of no ordinary difficulty and importance, but also the enthusiastic—almost passionate—loyalty of a devoted son. Those who heard his speech at the farewell banquet given to Dr. Vaughan by his old pupils in December 1859 will remember how his voice trembled with emotion, as he declared that any one who could accept such a charge as had just been laid upon him without seeking higher than human aid in carrying it out "must be either a baby or an infidel." From that day to this—and in spite of a severe domestic bereavement two years ago—it is the barest statement of fact to say that he has bestowed on Harrow, with ungrudging and undivided allegiance, the best resources of an exceptionally cultivated intellect and the minutest attention of a moral nature at once firm and elastic. The devotion of an ancient Greek patriot to his country, or in later days of a Nelson or a Wellington or a Gordon to England, may suggest the kind of devotion Dr. Butler has manifested in his work at Harrow. His rule has been, in the best sense of the term—what a Headmaster's should be—an enlightened despotism. A governing body which has need to be constantly interfering in the management of a school condemns itself by proving that it has elected an incompetent head; if the head be competent, its truest wisdom is to leave his hands unfettered. And it is due to the Governors of Harrow to record that they have always thoroughly trusted Dr. Butler, because they have always known him to be worthy of entire confidence. They have rightly been content to reign, while the Headmaster ruled. And his rule has been one of unbroken and growing success, which will constitute an epoch in the annals of the School. Among his minor but not unimportant gifts must be reckoned a singular felicity of speech, which those who have had the opportunity of hearing his short and pithy addresses on Speech-day, whether in the Speech-room or in the more select circle of his own guests at luncheon afterwards, will not easily forget. As a preacher, without being exactly eloquent, and while making no pretence to deep theological learning—which it is not very easy for any Headmaster who conscientiously does his duty to acquire—Dr. Butler is striking and impressive; more so than might perhaps be recognized by a reader of his two published volumes of *Sermons Preached in the Chapel of Harrow School*, who had never heard him in the pulpit. For that moral earnestness, attested by tone and manner (*ἡδὺς ἡθὺς*), which Aristotle insists upon as the most indispensable condition of persuasive oratory, cannot be transmitted adequately through the printing press, but it is an attribute of Dr. Butler's preaching familiar to all who have frequented Harrow Chapel. That the tercentenary of its foundation has been celebrated, and a new Speech-room erected, are memorable incidents of his headmastership, but which serve to recall rather than to measure his great services to the School. It is indeed only fair to remember, what he is himself always forward to acknowledge, that he has been supported by a loyal and efficient staff of Assistant-Masters; but then it has also to be remembered that most of them were of his own selection.

Dr. Butler is usually spoken of as a Liberal in politics, and a moderate Evangelical in theology, but the latter definition can only be accepted with considerable reserve. His religious sympathies are at once too wide and too discriminating to bear classification under any cut-and-dried formula, and it would be truer to say that he has a keen appreciation of the best side of all parties than that he belongs to any of them. Certainly he has none of the narrowness that is or used to be commonly associated with the name of Evangelical. It has long been a custom at Harrow—introduced, we believe, by himself—to invite some distinguished stranger to preach at the annual Commemoration in Chapel on Founders' Day, and one of the first preachers invited by Dr. Butler for the purpose was Dr. Liddon, though not himself an Harrovian. We had occasion the other

day to observe that Evangelicals are generally too indifferent or too hostile to the due requirements of architectural and ceremonial splendour in a cathedral to make good deans, and we quoted instances of it. There is no reason to anticipate any such incongruity in the present case, and the long and otiose incumbency of the late Dean Law at Gloucester leaves much scope in these and other respects for the energies of a younger and more competent successor. The present Dean of Windsor, who is an old Harrow pupil of Dr. Butler's, is already showing how much may be done in such a position by an active man who understands the capabilities of his office. But it is no part of our purpose to volunteer advice which is not at all likely to be required. We desire rather to congratulate Gloucester—which possesses a Cathedral of unique architectural interest—on its new Dean, and to express the hope that we may be able, when the time comes, to congratulate Harrow on a Headmaster as gifted, as single-minded, as loyal to her best traditions, and as devoted to her highest interests as the one she is about to lose. Two of his predecessors bearing an honoured name continue among us, of whom one has declined and the other has long worn a mitre, which he has just felt it necessary to lay aside amid the universal regrets of all over whom his episcopal charge had extended. Dr. Butler is still comparatively young, and may have a great future and large opportunities of active service before him. There existed not long ago a prejudice, not wholly unfounded, against schoolmaster bishops, and no doubt a man who is simply a schoolmaster and nothing more, in the old sense of the word, lacks some essential qualifications for the episcopate. But recent examples have gone far to modify this unfavourable presumption, and one very noticeable result of the great scholastic reform to which reference was made just now has been to bring out more prominently the fatherly and spiritual aspects of the educator's office, as was significantly attested only last week by the delivery at a leading West-End church during the London Mission of a course of sermons to young men by Headmasters and ex-Headmasters, Dr. Butler himself and one of his former Assistants, afterwards Headmaster of Marlborough, being conspicuous among the preachers. Moreover, one qualification of supreme importance in all high offices of trust, and not least in ecclesiastical offices, is that "sixth sense, of tact," which has been remarkably exemplified in Dr. Butler's administration at Harrow. It may fairly be assumed that he will bring to whatever office in the Church, decanal or other, he may hereafter be called to fill capabilities both ethical and intellectual of no common order, and which have already undergone the test of a long and varied experience.

#### SPINNING-WHEELS IN NEW ENGLAND.

SINCE the Spinnstube plays so important a part in the peasant life of Central Germany, it may be of interest to note the position held by spinning-wheels in certain localities of America. There is in New Hampshire, one of the New England States, a charming spot known as Bethlehem; it nestles among its surrounding hills, half hidden from view by the grand White Mountain range on the east, the Franconia on the north, and in the western distance the less stately green hills of Vermont, Mount Mansfield fully bearing out in its vivid colouring the pretty name given to that range. Bethlehem Station is reached after a ride through the Notch, wonderful and terrible in its beauty. The line runs along a narrow ledge on the side of a mountain that rises miles above you, while far below the green slopes, like a tiny thread, the old coaching road gleams white among the trees. All about you are the mountains, vying with one another in magnificence.

At Bethlehem Station you are met by the stage-coaches for the Profile or for Bethlehem. Up the hills, down the hills, you are borne, on a long steady gallop, over a pretty country road shaded by trees and bordered by wild flowers—golden-rod, pink milk-weed, and moosewood-briar, its bright red berries lying *perdu* in the thick green leaves. Six miles away rises Kimball Hill, nearer looms Mount Agassiz, while beneath underwood and brake dashes "the wild Ammonossuc," and above and beyond all towers Mount Washington, with the pretty old Indian legend of its being the favourite resting-place of the Great Spirit for its heritage.

It was during the last summer we passed in the White Hills, when the quest for spinning-wheels had reached the zenith of enthusiasm, that the following experiences of one day's search for these desirable adjuncts of household furniture occurred. It was rather like the "bunting of the snark," only that our quest took place on a *buckboard*—and he who knows not the delights of that mode of conveyance has one more experience to live for. A buckboard is a plank of well-seasoned wood, about eight feet long and four feet wide; this is slung upon four wheels placed within two feet of either end. Across the middle of the board is a light seat holding two persons, and in this simple construction you have the most complete and delightful mountain wagon possible; the plank gives with each motion of the wheels, and forms its own springs. With a good horse and a fair whip there is no better enjoyment than a long summer day passed on a buckboard, driving over hill and dale with an easy undulating motion something between a swing and a rocking-chair.

The native inhabitants of New Hampshire are a curious people—as indeed are all New Englanders—almost a race by themselves. Reserved, taciturn, Spartanlike, loyal, they cling to old traditions, keep up old customs, and hold to old forms with a tenacity more

passive than active, but none the less imperturbable—a poor hard-labouring people for the most part, but as proud as they are poor, and as uncomplaining as they are hard-working. What their grandfathers and great-grandfathers have done is what they wish to do; what they toiled for and accomplished is gain sufficient for all who may come after them; and woe betide the unlucky lad who ventures to step outside that narrow orbit! All the dead ancestors of his family are called upon to prove the worthlessness and vanity of any other life save that safe bounded by New Hampshire's hills. How tenacious is this instinct in one small particular let the sequel show.

Among the houses we visited in our quest was one very new and very ugly little wooden affair, as ugly as it could well be, and made all the more desolate by being perched up on rough-hewn stumps of trees, which gave it an unclothed, ashamed appearance; the door-sill was several feet above the ground, and could only be reached by the aid of the butt end of the whip and a friendly stone. A desolate garden surrounded this barren little home, in which a few vegetables and two sunflowers struggled for existence.

The door was opened by a poor, pale, forlorn little woman, holding a morsel of a child; she looked so wretched and pinched and miserable that all hopes of a spinning-wheel vanished from our minds. What respectable, comfortable, old family "wheel" could dwell in this terribly new little box of a house? The woman looked at us and said nothing; they seldom speak in New England unless first addressed; but when we made known our wants she eyed us shrewdly, moving the baby up and down mechanically on her arm.

"I hev got a wheel," she said at last, and her voice was as sad and dull as her face. "It were ma's afore it were mine, and gran'ma's afore that." Could we see it? She looked doubtful, then relented, and showed us in. Such a bare little room, with no carpet, only a few chairs and a table, but in the corner stood *the* "wheel." It was made of mahogany, and was dark and lustrous with age and use—a beauty among spinning-wheels and in perfect order, ready to be set in motion with one tap of the toe, one skilful turn of the hand. In vain we offered her any sum for it, holding out the bank-notes before her eyes. She was not to be tempted. She did not grow excited or angry or eager as we did, she only shook her head and repeated over and over, "No, I don't feel called on to part with it. It were ma's afore it were mine, and gran'ma's afore it were hers, and it will be her'n arter its mine," giving the baby another mechanical shake. But can you use it? "No, I can't say as how I could ever spin; but ma could and gran'ma, and I don't feel called to part with it." And she wouldn't part with it, not though she owned that she was very poor and ill with the "chills," and work was slack and her "man" not over-kind; still "it were ma's and gran'ma's," and she couldn't part with it, "no, not yet awhile; not never, she didn't think." She watched us as we drove away, a dull, quiet figure, without one touch of brightness in her daily life. The stranger's money would have bought many a comfort for the barren little home and sickly baby; but then the money would have come in exchange for "ma's and gran'ma's wheel"; and all the old foundations and traditions of her whole life would have been ruined and broken by such an act of sacrilege.

The next halting-place was at a typical farmhouse, large and roomy, painted red, with eaves and a thatched roof, and a wide doorstep worn away by many feet; this door stood open, and within was a vision of old china, copper pots and saucepans, and a tall eight-day clock. A friendly apple-tree grew beside the door, and beneath this on the wide step sat a comely red-cheeked maiden paring golden pippins with dexterous fingers. We accosted her and she looked up kindly, her hand arrested, the knife half buried in the yellow rind.

"Oh yes, we have a 'wheel.' It's always been ours, leas'tways 'twas ma's gret-gran'-ma Cummingses' first; she brought it from England, and then it was my gret-gran'-ma's and then my gran'-ma's, and now it's ma's and some day it'll be mine. What, *sell* our 'wheel'! Oh no, I guess not. Why, 'twould change the luck, and besides, we haven't no call to sell things." Seeing she was rather offended we hastened to appease her. Could she use the wheel? "Well, rayther," scornfully, "she should just be ashamed if she couldn't. Why, it had spun all gret-gret-gran'-ma's wedding linen, and gret-gran'-ma's and gran'-ma's and ma's, and now it was a spinning hers. No, there weren't any fear of her ever partin' with it; she never could part with gret-gret-gran'-ma Cummingses' 'wheel.' Oh no, nor ever think of sich a thing. Could we use a wheel?"

We confessed our ignorance and inability, and then she asked, "Whatever we wanted with 'un then?" We told her for ornament. At this she burst into a ringing peal of laughter, and catching sight of a broad-shouldered young man coming from the farm-buildings, jumped up, regardless of the pan or the apples, and ran to him crying out, "Oh, Ezra, here's some city-folks wantin' to buy gret-gran'-ma Cummingses' wheel, and take it to Bostin', and put it up in their best parlour and make believe as how 'twas their gret-gret-gran'-ma's and that they can spin on it!" Amidst this tirade we hurried away indignant and amused; at the bend of the road we could see "Ezra" and the girl still laughing and enjoying our discomfiture.

Thus it was at every house wherever they could claim a "wheel"; no matter how poor or how well-to-do, how old or how young, no one would part with their ancestral wheel. It was a



fetish before which they worshipped, and in whose good and evil luck they implicitly believed. It was many a long hour before we found any one willing to sell their "wheel" and when at last the bargain was completed, it was with the stipulation that we should carry it away out of its old home with our own hands. "I couldn't do it," the woman said, "no, nor brother Bill neither. 'Twouldn't be lucky for us, and, besides, the neighbours they'd talk so. It's a come down to part with it anyhow, but I ain't called on to carry it away myself." We removed the "wheel" then and there on to our buckboard, the woman shutting herself within the house and refusing to even look on.

These are but a few examples of the curious pride and prejudice that governs the New Hampshire native. Whatever is old is good in their eyes, and whatever savours of reverence is sacred to them. Family ties are extremely strong, and death does not loosen them; they hold by the things of the past, and, though present want may stand sentinel with black care at their hearths, they will not flinch, nor part with what to them is an emblem of the old family life and family religion. How true and courageous and upright are their characters, how scornful and how intolerant of "shams" and "make believes," let those who dwell among them tell; to us their very peculiarities, their very weaknesses, their old traditions and treasured legends, rendered them all the more interesting, knowing as we did how many of their characteristics had their birth in the old loyalty and love for the mother-country; a loyalty and a love that it was hard to sever, and that, all unknowingly, was treasured and fostered by "old wives' tales" and fireside legends of other days. The "Spinnstube" may not hold so romantic a position in the present of New England, but the past wraps about the old "wheel" a pathetic element of love and veneration.

#### THE SILVER DIFFICULTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE growing difficulties in the United States through the action of the Bland Act have of late caused a fall in silver and in all securities whose value depends upon silver. It will be in the recollection of our readers that in the beginning of 1878 Congress passed an Act again making silver legal tender, and requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to coin at least 400,000*l.* of that metal every month. Since then somewhat over 35 millions sterling has been coined, and has involved the Treasury in considerable embarrassments. The discovery of mines of extraordinary fertility in the Western States had made America the greatest producer of silver in the world. And as through the demonetization of the metal by Germany and the suspension of its coinage by the States forming the Latin Union, the price had greatly fallen, Americans felt it necessary to do something to protect this important industry. Hence they passed the Bland Act in the hope that by so doing Europe would be encouraged to remonetize silver. But although Congress had yielded to the protectionist arguments employed, and to the influence brought to bear upon it by the silver interest, the people were unwilling to accept silver in ordinary payments. They had become used to paper during the suspension of specie payments, and they found the silver dollar cumbersome and inconvenient. Furthermore, they were aware that silver, compared with gold, was at a discount of about 15 or 16 per cent. And their unwillingness was increased by a resolution of the Clearing House Banks in New York which bound themselves neither to accept nor to pay silver. The Government, however, overcame the difficulty by issuing silver certificates, which are, in effect, notes payable in silver only; and these certificates now circulate as freely as greenbacks themselves all over the Union. It seemed for a while, then, as if the problem was solved, and that the rehabilitation of silver was accomplished in America at least. In reality, however, difficulties soon began to thicken. The American Government is pledged to cash its Treasury notes in gold, and it is obliged, therefore, to keep a large reserve of gold always in its vaults. Of late, notwithstanding the immense quantity of gold that has been imported from Europe and raised from the American mines, the amount of gold in the Treasury has decreased, and fears have arisen that the reserve may be trenced upon. In consequence, the Government has been more and more anxious to force the silver certificates into circulation. But the banks of the other cities have complained that by doing this they have been sacrificed. Not having banded together to refuse silver, it is forced upon them by the Treasury; and yet the New York banks refuse to accept it from them. Therefore, the banks throughout the country complain that the Government is showing an undue favour towards the New York banks. At last it would seem that, partly in consequence of these complaints, and partly through the inherent difficulties of the situation, the Treasury has been obliged to force silver upon the New York banks, and last week they agreed to accept as much silver for their customers as could be used in the payment of Customs' duties. They have thus been obliged to rescind their resolution neither to accept nor to pay silver, and there can be little doubt that they will have to give way farther.

This action of the New York banks has created some anxiety throughout the Union. The New York banks, as our readers are aware, keep the ultimate banking reserve of the whole country; and if silver gradually takes the place of gold in the coffers of the New York banks, gold will gradually disappear from the circulation, and the country may even find itself in a difficulty to provide gold to meet its foreign obligations. It may even happen that the Treasury itself will be affected; for, as stated above,

the Treasury is bound to cash the greenbacks in gold; and, therefore, the banks may, by presenting greenbacks, withdraw from the Treasury its stock of gold. There is an apprehension, therefore, that the public may become alarmed, that they may begin to hoard gold, and in that way the circulation may be so seriously contracted that financial difficulties may arise. It is clear, however, that the United States Government will not incur any serious risk of the disappearance of gold. It has pledged itself not only to cash its notes, but also to pay the interest and the principal of its debt in gold; and it is certain to keep its obligations. If, therefore, there is any danger of gold flowing out of the country, the Government will have to repeal the Bland Act and put an end altogether to silver coinage. But, if the American Government were to adopt such a course, nearly 5 millions sterling in silver now annually coined would be thrown upon the European market; and there would also be a prospect of the 35 millions sterling already coined being sold. Therefore there would be a serious further fall in the value of silver. But, if such a further fall were to take place, it is possible that the Latin Union might break up, that the nations composing it might follow the example of the United States and Germany in demonetizing silver, and that thus the price of the metal might be forced down to half of what it is at present, or possibly even lower. It is not surprising, then, that the markets for silver, and for all securities dependent upon silver, have been affected. But as yet it is quite impossible to foresee what will happen. A Conference is about to be held in Paris for the revision and renewal of the Latin Union Convention, and it is very improbable that the American Government will come to any decision until it has first learned what course the nations forming the Latin Union will take. Mr. Cleveland, the incoming President, is understood to be opposed to the continued coinage of silver, and it is expected that he will appoint a Cabinet of his own views. Still, he would hardly adopt a policy that would bring him into conflict with the whole silver interest until he had first ascertained what are the intentions of the nations forming the Latin Union. The probability, therefore, is that the Conference will be transformed into an International Conference, at which a representative of the United States will attend, and, doubtless, also representatives will be invited from England, Germany, and other European States. Twice already such Conferences have been held, and have failed to come to an agreement, and, therefore, the likelihood does not seem great that anything will be done by the coming Conference. The decision rests, in the first place, with England and Germany. If they are willing to make such concessions as the American and French Governments insist upon, doubtless it is the interest of both the latter to keep up the value of silver. But it is less easy to see what interest Germany and England have in rehabilitating the metal. Germany has still some silver to sell, and it would benefit, therefore, by any measure that would keep up the price of silver, while we are interested in the question mainly through our connexion with India. It is hardly to be supposed, then, that either the English or the German Governments will make concessions that will seem sufficient to the American and French Governments. And if they do not, the American and French Governments will have to decide whether they will demonetize silver or will attempt to support its value, notwithstanding the refusal of England and Germany materially to assist them.

The interest of both the United States and France in keeping up the value of silver is great and obvious. As already stated, the United States now are the largest producers of silver in the world, and the American people are strongly in favour of protecting every American industry. Moreover, bi-metallism is the old policy of the Union, and the Americans are essentially a conservative people. Lastly, the silver interest is wealthy, closely united, and extremely skilful in managing legislative assemblies. It will fight hard in defence of the Bland Act, and it would be rash, therefore, to assume that it will not succeed. In France, again, the amount of silver in circulation is enormous. The Bank of France alone holds about 41½ millions sterling of the metal. Therefore, if France were to demonetize silver, she would have to replace the vast mass of the metal that is now in circulation by gold, and at the same time she would have to sell the useless silver. The purchase of gold would be very expensive, and upon the sale of the silver the losses would be extremely heavy. Add to all this that the opinion is strongly held both in the United States and in France that a contraction of the circulation would be extremely injurious to trade. Gold, alone, it is said, does not exist in sufficient quantity in the world to supply all the needs of the commercial countries; and, therefore, if silver is demonetized, the money markets of the world will be disturbed, trade will be depressed, and prices will fall ruinously. For that reason alone the opposition to a complete demonetization of silver will be very strong. Probably, then, the Latin Union and the United States will arrive at some arrangement between themselves intended to maintain the price of silver. All are interested in doing so, and there can be little doubt that if they were to coin silver freely, the value of the metal would rapidly rise. For ourselves, it is clear that any tampering with our monetary system would not be tolerated by the country; but there is no reason why the offer made by the Bank of England some time ago should not be renewed—that is, that the Bank should hold a certain proportion of silver as security for its notes issued. Certainly it is the interest of the Indian Government to do everything necessary to prevent a serious fall in the value of silver. The Indian Government, then, will, as a matter of course,

be prepared to enter into any arrangements that may meet the views of the Latin Union and the United States; and, unless Freuchmen and Americans are quite unreasonable, they ought to see that the association of India with themselves is as much as can reasonably be expected from this country, and is quite as much as the circumstances require. On the part of Germany hitherto little disposition has been shown to meet the views of the bi-metallists; but, just as Prince Bismarck threw over Free-trade when it suited his views, he may have reasons now for throwing over mono-metallism and joining in the arrangement for the general adoption of bi-metallism. If he were to do so, the course of the Americans and the French would be greatly smoothed, and the result of the Conference would be plain enough. But why he should adopt such a course is difficult to see. All the cost of providing a gold coinage has now been incurred, while all the inconvenience and loss of getting rid of the old silver has practically been borne. It would be strange, then, if he were to undo the great work he has so nearly accomplished and to adopt bi-metallism after all. The more the matter is considered, the more it appears, then, that little co-operation is to be expected either from England or from Germany, and that France and the United States will have to make up their minds either to bear all the loss, inconvenience, and disturbance proceeding from demonetization of silver, or to settle by themselves with the co-operation of India and of the other countries of the Latin Union for the maintenance of the value of silver.

#### VEGETARIANISMUS.

**S**AYS Reynart the fox to Kyward the hare and Bellyn the ram, when he is fooling them to the top of their bent, "Ye be goostly of your luyying. Yf ye have leeuin and gras[s] ye be plesyd. Ye retche [reck] not of fleshe, no such maner mete." It may be reprehensible, but it still tickles the unregenerate omnivorous man, to think that this way of putting it is somewhat rough on the vegetarians. There is, too, an amusing passage in old Howell's *Instructions for Forraigne Travell* (1642), where, in talking of the impoverished state of even the better sort of Continental peasants, he mentions "their meager fare: feeding commonly upon Grasse, Hearbs, and Roots, and drinking Water; neere the condition of brute animals, who find the cloth always ready layed, and the buttry open." But the fanatical vegetarian may go back further even than the famous middle-age popular epic, and fare no better. In the fourth fargard of the *Vendidad* are some verses which serve to illustrate the antiquity of the renown of the fleshpot:—

48. And of two men, he that filleth himself with meat is filled with the good spirit [or with *Vôhu Manô*, who is at the same time the god of good thoughts and the god of health] much more than he that doth not. The latter is all but dead; the first is above him by the worth of a dirhem, by the worth of a sheep, by the worth of an ox, by the worth of a man.

49. It is this man that can strive against the onsets of the demon *Astivôdôta* [the "bone-divider," Death]; that can strive against the self-moving arrow [of death]; that, in scantiest raiment, can strive with the winter-fiend; that can strive against the wicked tyrant, and smite his head. It is this man that can strive with the ungodly *Ashemaoga* that eateth not.

We regret to have to confess that the *Ashemaogas*, the "confounders of *Asha*," the heretics and infidels of those days—*Asha* being the order of the universe, the Vedic *Rita*—were vegetarians; so that if these passages also illustrate the antiquity of the vegetable heresy—due, most probably, in Iran to Brahmanical influence—they show us, too, what small progress it has made since that remote period in those climates where instinct and tradition induce men in general to "fill themselves with meat." It is true that apostle of vegetarianism, Professor F. W. Newman, holds that, apart from custom, it is because the eating of flesh-meat is a pleasure that it is so universal; and he says in his recently-collected *Essays on Diet*:—

It is a sufficient reason for dissuading the pleasure of flesh-meat if it deprive men of higher and nobler pleasures; for instance, if it deprive men of cultivation, leisure, and refinement by keeping them poor. Such an argument cannot justly be set aside by appealing to the palate.

Nor can such an argument justly be set up by appealing to the palate alone, which is what Professor Newman patently does in this distressingly vicious assumption. This is eminently a subject, if there ever were one, for the *argumentum ad hominem*. The pleasure of eating is not confined to the palate or to flesh-meat. It is general, and it is mere a b c to say that it is due to the satisfying of the craving calls for renovation made by all the organs of the frame in their sufferings from the wasting processes of what we call living. It is the assuaging of the hunger-pang that is the prime motor of the pleasure. That palates are over-excited, that appetites are pampered, is nothing to the purpose; such a condition is beside the normal, which alone should occupy the field of discussion. But let us admit the assumption; admit that, if eating meat keeps a man poor, he ought to give it up, and where is he to stop? If meat goes, why should not other things follow, until the proverbial penultimate condition of a straw a day is reached; until he returns to the pristine condition of our first parents who, according to that old Moslem book, *The History of the Prophets*, lived solely upon ethereal food before they were tempted, not by a fruit, but by an ear of corn. But this is a question which practically solves itself. The Irish peasant ate his potatoes and "point" solely because he could not afford to take

the red herring out of the ingle till Sunday. As to cultivation, and the rest of it, the first essential is to have something to cultivate. We know that the horse, when he was got down to the single straw, did what was by no means in the stipulation—he died. And too many a valuable man who has played the fool with his diet and his constitution, upsetting the balance of his existence by keeping cultivating purposes solely in view, has gone swiftly out of the world, uncultivated as well as unfed. Not that there is not a highly respectable minority of men to whom flesh as constant food is inimical; for the varieties of appetite and of the powers of digestion are as endless as the numbers of the race; *quot capita, tot sensus*. Many men who are invalids, or who are of slender constitution, and at the same time brain-workers, find their account in a diet which almost or altogether excludes flesh-meat; especially late in life. If we do not greatly err, the respected President of the Vegetarian Society himself did not join the sect until the age of sixty-three. But there are many others, again, who have conscientiously endeavoured to follow their example, and have wholly failed. Is there not a notable modern instance of this in the person of a philosopher who invented the phrase "survival of the fittest," and who, if he does not follow, at all events comes after, Comte. It all comes to this, to the fine old sensate proverb, "One man's meat is another man's poison." Let those abstain who find it suits them best, but let not that transform them into fanatics, into *Ashemaogas*, into disturbers of the order of the universe. Let them be ghostly in their living, pleased with their leaves and grass; but let them not trouble those who do reckon of flesh and such manner of meat.

And such remarks are by no means uncalled for. Things have got to such a pass that one of the *Essays* which have been mentioned pronounces it "expedient to have a series of *pledges* varying in stringency, so that each may select that which his circumstances allow him to carry out." In other words, the vegetarian propaganda has, or thinks it has, gathered such force and organization that it now proposes to exact pledges from its "neophytes"—their own word—and we may look forward to being goaded into the fancies or realities of dyspepsia by wild vegetarians. The coster, or costardmonger—the costard being one of our oldest apples—with his "Cast your eye on these fine pears!" and his savage yelling of "Cauliflow-air!" will be the street preacher of the hour. A new form of social tyranny is threatening, and the quietest of men may soon have to bid good-bye to a "square meal." Emissaries, male and female, will pull out cards and diagrams at the dinner-table, and plunge him into bilious attacks while they make odious comparisons about a cutlet or disable the qualities of a fillet of sole; at the same time dinning into a hitherto eupeptic ear the superiority of "cheese-and-onion turnovers," "stuffed marrows," "parsnip tart," and "vegetarian mince-pies." In that weak and defenceless position he will be summoned to sign away the peace of his palate, to abjure vice, venison, and Verzenay, and pledge himself to vegetarian virtue, "pure soft water," and "brown Betty."

A diverting old book, *The Regimen of Lent*, by Dr. Nicholas Andry, Regius Professor and Regent of the Medical Faculty of Paris, which was published in 1710, examined the views of those who "pretend that *maigre* aliments are better suited to man than meat: clearing up various questions touching abstinence and fasting, according to the principles of physics and medicine; among others whether the widgeon [*anas*, or *oidemia*, *nigra*] and tobacco should be proscribed in Lent." Very early this forgotten old leech states that the Church prescribed abstinence from flesh on the theory that other food was less nourishing, was meagre in comparison; and he fortifies himself with the opinion of M. Berthe, doctor in theology of the House and Society of the Sorbonne and librarian of the said House; formerly rector of the University of Paris and royal censor of books. A dissertation by this formidable doctor lays it down that the fasting-fare allowed by the ecclesiastical canons is less nourishing and strengthening than that they forbid; the end being to weary and pull down the flesh so that the mind may be restored to supremacy and vigour. We do not propose a history of fasting, but we suppose it may be conceded that flesh is the strongest of common foods. Indeed, Dr. H. Letheby in his book *On Food* represented dried beef, for instance, as nearly four times more nourishing than dried peas; the series running up from rice, with an equivalent of 81—the unit being 100—to peas at 239, beef at 880, and ham at 910; the herring of the Irishman's chimney topping the list at 914.

But we find in one of the numerous tracts issued of late years by the Anglo-American vegetarians, some food diagrams which exhibit peas as containing twice and a half as much heat, force, and tissue-producing power as "butcher's meat." Now this is what the rhetoric of common life calls proving too much. And how is it done? In the first place, dried peas are compared by weight with raw beef. That is, a soft substance, two-thirds of which are alleged to consist of water, is compared with a hard dry one which holds only one-seventh of moisture. But we are not pigeons that we should eat dry peas, nor do we consume our meat raw. The comparison should fairly be made between cooked meat and pea-soup, or pea-pudding, or a dish of green peas; or rather between a vegetarian's meal and that of an omnivorous man, which practically includes the vegetarian's; and we should like to see how the case would stand then. The same reckless style of misstatement runs through these diagrams which, says the author of the tract, "on card-board, with the flesh-making elements coloured dark-red, the carbon appropriately black, and the water beautifully blue, I have found very effective in illus-



trating my vegetarian lectures." These diagrams are followed by a table of the analyses on which they are ostensibly founded, and one is not surprised to find that, out of the sixteen articles of diet enumerated, the percentages of five only will "add up"; the other eleven being hopelessly wrong, and all of them at variance with the tables of the Bethnal Green food collection. This precious tract also carefully prints Genesis i. 29, which allows the eating of vegetable food; but is cautious to ignore Genesis ix. 3, which permits flesh. Perhaps it is on such evidence as these said diagrams and tables that Mr. F. W. Newman in his *Essays* advances

the positive testimony of the first chemists as to the real superiority of grain and pulse, and dried cabbage or cauliflower, and nuts, and dried apples and potatoes, to equal weights of dried meat.

But the whole truth does not lie in any of these statements. To quote the late Mr. Dallas in his almost classic *Book of the Table*:—

There never was a greater farce than these tables of nutritive values. It appears that white of egg is more than twice as nourishing as the yolk, and that a red-herring is more than nine times as nourishing as mother's milk. What can be the worth of a science that works out such incredible results? Not only would these results—even if they were trustworthy—be valueless, since they take no account of the digestive labour required to utilize the different substances, but they cast doubt on the received chemical doctrine that the nitrogenous elements of food are the most nutritious.

We shall begin to credit the theories founded on such analyses when the medical chemists are able to tell us the true functions of the liver and the bile in the digestion of food, and cease quarrelling about the spleen and the pancreas. All we are concerned at present to maintain, and to support by the practically unanimous consent of sane men, is that animal food is, in a healthy, hungry, human stomach, the most powerful as well as the most rapidly active ingredient in the available ordinary dietary. We also desire to point out the change of front on the part of the vegetarians, whose cry now is that their aliments are stronger, instead of weaker, than those of the meat-eater. This is no longer a mere heresy, to employ the word in a loose sense; it is an acute mental disease; it is, to coin a term, *Vegetarianismus*.

#### THE LOSS OF CARDINAL McCABE.

WITH the death of Cardinal McCabe there is every probability of a new and unfortunate departure in the relation of priests to politics in Ireland. Indeed the life of the late prelate was the last link that bound Ireland to the Vatican. Henceforward we must be at all events prepared to see the Nationalist-Separatist movement aided, abetted, and nominally (not really) headed by the Irish Catholic clergy. It is only necessary to hear in mind some facts in recent history to make this evident. Dr. McCabe was enthroned in the Roman Catholic Archiepiscopal Chair of Dublin in 1878. It must be admitted that his lot was cast in dangerous and difficult times, but he nevertheless laid down the lines of a policy and followed it consistently. One of his first utterances, although upon an educational question, contained allusions which were significant in the light of subsequent events. In a circular addressed to the clergy of his diocese early in 1879, he touched upon the dangers of disregarding the voice of conscience in connexion with entering Dublin University. "Disobedience to the laws of conscience," he said, "is not calculated to dispose a man to obedience to the laws of his country. Revolt against the authority of the Church may find its complement in rebellion against the State, and even war on society itself. Nihilism and Communism may be the logical development of such dangerous teaching." It is hard to believe that, while using these words as urging merely the spiritual dangers of a Roman Catholic entering a (so-called) Protestant University, Dr. McCabe did not mean them to have a far wider and more political scope. They seem to indicate that the Archbishop was thoroughly acquainted with the social revolution which was fermenting below the surface in Ireland, and had terrible forebodings of the religious future of his own flock. Eighteen months passed, and Ireland was in the throes of anarchy. Murder was stalking through the land, and Lord Mountmorres had been offered as the first victim on the altar of the Moonlight Moloch. Archbishop McCabe, shocked and horrified at the state of the country, issued a pastoral to be read in the churches of Dublin, in which he deplored the shortcomings of those Land League leaders who presided at public meetings and who never by direct condemnations endeavoured to disconnect the land question from outrage and injury. It is even fresh in our recollection now how, in answer to Mr. Parnell's query as to what should be done with a tenant who took a forbidden farm, a voice in the crowd said "Shoot him," and Mr. Parnell replied by pointing out what he described as "a very much better way"—namely, by boycotting him and treating him as the leper of old. It was doubtless in allusion to this and other cases that Dr. McCabe wrote in his pastoral:—"Unfortunately at many of these meetings, when the character of an erring landlord was being drawn by the public speaker, cries that never, never, even in levity, should be heard from Christian lips have been uttered. And although we firmly believe that the managers of these meetings abhorred the crime of murder as much as we do, yet no indignant protest came from those who were answerable for the proceedings against these wicked utterances. This was not the

rule followed by the great man who liberated his country. Though a passionate lover of liberty, he declared again and again that liberty was not worth a drop of human blood if shed in crime. He taught his followers that the man who committed a crime gave strength to the enemies of his country; and if in his most excited meetings a word of violence was uttered, the thunders of his eloquence speedily silenced the offender." Reared in the school of O'Connell, such were the late Cardinal's views as to the duty and responsibility of the Land League leaders; and they remained the same to the day of his death. There can be no doubt that he was active in urging these views at the Vatican, and after the Phoenix Park tragedy the result was seen in a Papal letter to the Irish hierarchy. Between the lines of this document might be read very plainly the ideas which the Propaganda at Rome held upon the conduct of the Irish clergy at large, who had throughout the Land League revolution given succour and support to the Parnellist party, and so indirectly to their underground allies. "It is true," it said, "that it is lawful for the Irish to seek redress for their grievances and to strive for their rights, but always at the same time observing the Divine maxim to seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and remembering also that it is wicked to further any cause, no matter how just, by illegal means. It is therefore the duty of all the clergy, and especially of the bishops, to curb the excited feelings of the multitude, and to take every opportunity with timely exhortations to recall them to the justice and moderation which are necessary in all things, that so they may not be led away by greed of gain to mistake evil for good or to place their hopes of public prosperity in the shame of criminal acts. Hence it follows that it is not permitted to any of the clergy to depart from these rules themselves or to promote movements inconsistent with prudence and with the duty of calming men's minds." The letter wound up by the famous condemnation of the Parnell Testimonial Fund and the interdict upon its promotion by the bishops and clergy in Ireland. As a personal effort the Vatican summoned Archbishop Croke, the most noted Nationalist of the Irish clergy, to Rome, where doubtless he received orally the views of the Pope on Irish affairs.

This was the last effort of the Holy Father to interfere on behalf of law and order in Ireland. The Papal Circular dropped like a thunderbolt in the Irish Nationalist camp, and a crisis arose which has determined the future of the Irish priest in Irish politics, and it is much to be feared that future will be fraught with calamity. On his way home from the Vatican Archbishop Croke, in speaking at the Irish College, said, "I come from Rome, unchanged and unchangeable." In Dublin, Mr. Sexton on behalf of the Parnellist party challenged the validity of the Papal Circular. "It issued," he said, "from a committee of cardinals, from the Sacred Council of Propaganda, and it desired to guide the conduct of the bishops and clergy of this one country upon one point of public conduct." Mr. Sexton then gave his opinion on this ecclesiastical point with a casuistry worthy of the occasion. He believed that "the bishops and priests of Ireland, while they did whatever the operations of the principle of obedience would demand, would retain their minds on the question of the Parnell Testimonial. They would give up their will to the Sacred Propaganda, but will was only one faculty of the human mind, and while they gave up their will, they would not give up their understanding." It is needless to say that this advice was followed. As to the action of the lay element of the Irish party, Mr. Sexton was quite clear. They might take their religion from Rome, but not their politics. "In all that concerns the national and secular affairs of Ireland they said, and would maintain, that the sole inspiration lies in the feelings of the Irish heart, that the only governing rule of conduct is the dictate of the Irish brain, and that the sole, supreme, and final tribunal is the judgment of the Irish people." This is equivalent to the pithy saying, "No priests in politics," or, at all events, with the qualification that they must be content to follow. The word conscience is not mentioned by Mr. Sexton, nor is there any allusion to its effect upon the Irish politician; and Cardinal McCabe, when he read the Nationalists' declaration of emancipation from Church control, must have thought of the words of his pastoral of 1879. A few days before the Archbishop died, he might have read how the dynamiter, Captain Phelan, as he lay wounded on the pavement, in reply to a passer-by who offered to go for a priest, said, "I want no priest; I'm an Ingersoll man." To those not versed in the atheistic personnel of the United States, it may be necessary to mention that Ingersoll is to America what Bradlaugh is to England. It is evident, therefore, that the dynamite department of Irish patriotism is manned by men who, to use Cardinal McCabe's expression, have revolted against the authority of the Church, rebelled against the State, and made war upon society itself.

Nihilism and Communism were the logical development of the teaching of Ingersoll and O'Donovan Rossa. Ever since the Papal letter condemning the Parnell Fund proved not only abortive, but absolutely favourable to the cause of Irish revolution, the late Cardinal has been impotent to stem the torrent of clerical politics. His death removes the last barrier between the complete *rapprochement* of Archbishop Croke and Mr. Parnell. Indeed, before he died, the formal act of the Irish hierarchy in handing over the conduct and care of the cause of Irish education into the hands of the Irish party was completed, and must have received the approval of his Eminence. The Cardinal must have read every week in the recess how his clergy all over Ireland took the chair at public meetings of the National League and joined their voices to those of the most violent of Mr. Parnell's followers. He must have seen

how the notorious Father Eugene Sheehy quite recently at Milltown Malbay was speaking with his usual revolutionary fervour in the presence of Mr. Parnell, while on the same day a Reverend Mr. McKenna took the opportunity of declaring that to punish the land-grabber "hell was not hot enough, nor eternity long enough." A curious contrast such language to the ideas of the Vatican and Cardinal McCabe, when it was laid down in May 1883 that "it is not permitted to any of the clergy to promote movements inconsistent with prudence or with the duty of calming men's minds." There can be, indeed, little doubt that in future there will be no further "Italian intrusion into Irish politics"—to quote Mr. Healy's phrase—and that "our hereditary enemies," as Mr. Davitt called the Catholic aristocracy of England, must submit to the fact of Mr. Errington's defeat. Already it is announced that the Pope's Chamberlain has been showing assiduous attention to Mr. Davitt; and when we read of an address to Mr. Parnell containing an allusion to Archbishop Croke as "your powerful and faithful ally," it is time to accept facts and be prepared for further trouble in Ireland. Nay more, an agitation is on foot to emancipate Irish Catholic curates from the rules and regulations of the canon law which places them under the orders of their parish priests, and it is certain that in any case those rules will be considered a dead letter. The Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland have evidently made their terms with Mr. Parnell, and hope to keep up the appearance of leading the people, whilst they are in reality only following the member for Cork. The selection of a new Archbishop is probably already arranged, and the Protestant leader of a Catholic party will have the satisfaction of dictating terms to the Pope himself. There is much food for thought in all this. The religious future of Ireland is in the balance. The "island of saints" may be graduating in the school of Henri Rochefort and Bradlaugh, and may ultimately throw over all religious teaching and follow Ingersoll, like the redoubtable Captain Phelan and his associates. Whatever the issue, the gravity of the present situation is enormous, and merits the attention of well-wishers of Ireland, to whatever Church they may belong.

#### BLACK-MAILERS.

THE type is persistent; it is only the environment which changes. Black-mailers have ever been, either as Highland caterans or the robber-lords of the Campagna, as Sicilian banditti or the corrupt police of Russia, as the tenacious delators who suck dry the molluscous accused—and as the women of society who go about with a pocketful of causes and cases to which you must subscribe if you would not suffer worse things at their hands. There are houses to visit which is sooner or later to have to pay for your footing. There are women to know whom is to add to the taxes already imposed on you by the parish authorities and the Queen's Government. Whenever a calamity or an atrocity breaks out, there stretches the elastic charity of these people, who forthwith set up a private agency of their own, to which all their friends are expected to contribute. Guineas pour into the capacious pockets which social standing makes wide and deep. But no balance-sheet is ever published; and to the last it is never made clear how nor when the funds accumulated are handed over to any responsible agent, nor who it is that finally profits. You hope it is all right; and it would be ungallant to doubt the word of a lady. All the same, you rather wish things were more businesslike and shipshape; and, on the whole, you prefer the prosaic exactness of a ledger to the fine and airy romance of private giving and unpublished distribution. Of late these large causes have been disastrously frequent; and no quarter of the globe has been free from events of which the home result here has been payments made to the philanthropic black-mailers, who have opened their pouches and begged their friends to fill them.

In two things are all the members of this tribe agreed—love of music and of old lace. The concerts in which they interest themselves are without number; the varieties of lace for which they have an enthusiasm are infinite. You never see them when they have not concert tickets on hand, to sell which for the benefit of some sweet singer of Israel or some modern Orpheus is the prime object of their lives. The concert is given at their own house, and the audience is made up of their own friends, and they have a pleasant evening on their own account, with plenty of kudos, and nothing to pay the piper at the end of it. On the contrary, the friends pay for their own entertainment; and who gets the surplus is a mystery that lies on the knees of the gods and in the breast of the hostess. As neither she nor the artiste is put through an examination, the division of the spoils remains a secret undivulged to the end of time. These musical black-mailers, however, are just as insistent for those of their harmonious protégées whose pie is opened in public and who have confessedly to bear their own expenses and profit by their receipts. You are importuned to take tickets, of which your black-mailer has a bunch as big as a bézique pack. And should you refuse you are remembered, not pleasantly. For these things somehow become matters of private feeling, and to ask and be refused—though the grace be one entirely impersonal—is generally made the insignificant cause of a small war; and your black-mailer, who has failed to draw you, counts it to you as a social sin which has to be purged by social penance.

As for lace, of this these soft-voiced bandits of the drawing-room have practically endless stores in hand. Each piece has a

history and a romance attached to it. Sometimes that fine bit of old Spanish point belongs to a very great lady whose heart is larger than her pecuniary margin. As she is divinely charitable, she has come to the point where she has more outlets than in-flows. Hence she has rifled her private stores, and commissioned her dear friend, the black-mailer in question, to sell some of her marvellous collection. And there is no denying the fact that lace which comes from the private stores of a duchess has a value in the eyes of the ordinary woman, British or other, which makes that undoubtedly long price asked by no means exorbitant. For to educate the snob out of us would be to begin the millennium; and we are far enough from that as yet. You have seen the twin sister of that piece of lace in one of the bric-à-brac shops not far from where your black-mailer lives. Length, quality, age, style, condition, all were identical with this. And it was five pounds or so less than this. What does that signify? You buy and pay, for the sake of possessing the relic of a charitable duchess, and your black-mailer thanks you with effusion and sends you an invitation for her next At Home.

Another time the mysterious owner is a gentlewoman of high standing and good name who has come to financial grief, and is forced to sell her now useless magnificence for the mere necessities of life. Think of that—a poor creature delicately nurtured, daintily used, obliged to part with jewelry, lace, bric-à-brac, what not, to keep that grim wolf from the door! Here, too, your soft heart melts into the shape required; and your black-mailer milks you of your golden fluid as delicately as the ant milks the aphid on the rose-tree. Sometimes it is work brought from Albania, Macedonia, Bulgaria, Russia—who knows where? which is to be sold for the benefit of the poor dear creatures living in misery behind their unpronounceable mountains. Here, too, you are expected to deliver when you are called on to stand; for to hint at that churlish old proverb about charity beginning at home would be rude—and we are forbidden to be rude. By the way, the black-mailer never seems to loosen her own purse-strings for the benefit of those for whom she dips her fingers into the pockets of her friends. That also is one of the mysteries for which as yet we have no solution.

Cases for private charity abound. There are certain black-mailers who have ever on hand a pauper population for which the work-house is surely the natural refuge. Father down with rheumatism—mother dying of consumption—children starving—broker's men in possession—who does not know all these stories by heart? But who ever sees the people? There is the necessitous governess and the broken-down professional—the poor curate—those orphans left to the cold charity of the ruthless world—all of whom do not seem to have a living soul to help them save your black-mailer—by the means of you. You may, and probably do, give; it all depends on the powers of persuasion of the special bandit; but you cannot for the life of you banish that Sadducean thought, How is it that all these things concentrate in one person? By what law do all the deserving cases crystallize about this one centre? And surely the Charity Organization and kindred Societies are capable of dealing with these several stories! Why does not your friend, the black-mailer, go to them? It would simplify matters; put things very straight, and scrape away all that midwifery surface-growth of suspicion which spoils the beauty of her charity and the pleasure of your own giving.

The very rich, especially if old and childless, are terribly subject to this kind of black-mail. No one has the smallest reticence in the matter of that ever-dripping pipe, but every one dips his own private bucket when he can into the golden waters, which, deep as they may be, are nevertheless no more inexhaustible than most other things. When the owner of Pactolus is good-natured, his river runs to a rattling tune; when he is capable of being what people call crusty, he plugs his pipe and the waters flow no more, or only in dribblets. A little more tact and there would have been buttercups and daisies and a well-watered meadow to the end of time. But greed spoils all; and more than one constitutional black-mailer has scuttled her own boat by making too many passages and throwing too wide a net.

Of all black-mailers extant, those who put you under contribution for fancy fairs and charitable bazaars are perhaps the most annoying and the most unpardonable. Whether they importune you, being a woman, to lose your time and strength in making some absolute rubbish for their stall, or induce you, being a man, to lose your money in buying it when made, it is all one. The crime remains the same, and you know that you have contributed to the production of so many more useless atrocities—the world being already overstocked with the like; to the undesirable pranking forth of so much pride and vanity, of which we have enough and to spare; and to the diversion from its legitimate professional channels of all that industry which is here but another form of waste—while there, in the home of the poor needlewoman and embroiderer, bread is wanted and meat is failing. Bazaars and the like are fashionable forms of charitable black-mail; but no one with a soul to be saved should consent to dip his spoon in that broth, made up as it is of so many ingredients which, if sifted, would look but oddly in the sunlight. Nor should any one, with as much common-sense as is necessary to swear by, affect the society of black-mailers, if he can avoid it. He will find himself the richer, and probably the actual expence covered by his charities will be the larger, the more he deals directly with his subjects, and the less he has to do with this fascinating version of that dead and done with Claude Duval.



## REVIEWS.

## YORKSHIRE RECORDS.\*

THERE are some things which we in England still have to learn; amongst others greater care in the preservation of local records. Little or nothing has been done in the way of any organized care for memorials of the past. Now and then a clamour is raised for the removal of parish books from the custody of clergymen to the central office of the Registrar-General. But this is simply for a utilitarian purpose, and rests upon a fond belief that official ingenuity might devise a system of indexing by which the whole mass might be more conveniently consulted. To bring about this result men are willing to destroy the only centres of local archaeology, and take away the only records of any antiquity from the sole class that has shown in the past any care for their preservation, and who are still foremost in knowing how to use them for any purpose. There are not many men in England who interest themselves in the past history of their own neighbourhood, the vicissitudes of its families, and its social development. When such a one arises he can turn to the books of his parish church and there find something, at least, which sets him thinking. The utilitarian reformer would destroy the sole stimulus of the local antiquary, and would leave every district destitute of any written traces of its past.

The care taken of ecclesiastical records forms a striking contrast to that taken of municipal or county records. Experience will show any one that, if he writes for information to a clergyman, the chances are that he receives a courteous answer and gets something which is useful to him. If he writes to a town clerk or clerk of the peace, he is informed either that no records exist, or, if they exist, that they are not arranged or catalogued, and are practically useless. The Church preserved the memory of the birth, marriage, and death of all its members. The State was careless of any record of their activity while alive. Account-books were, and are still, regarded as the property of the officials concerned with keeping them. We can find out where our grandfathers were born and died; we cannot discover with certainty where they lived or how much they paid in rates and taxes. Collectors came round, but their records mostly perished with them. Old rate-books were piled in the corner of an office till they were sold for waste paper. Now and then a precious account-book of a county treasurer is found in some corner, but the finder has no encouragement to send it to any place of safe-keeping. The organized custody and arrangement of local records has made little progress among us.

This seems strange to any one who has rambled about Italy and has wiled away an hour in some obscure town by talking to the keeper of its archives and turning over a few of its precious documents. He finds a spacious building, in which all the records are carefully arranged. He finds a courteous official full of knowledge of the past history of the district, and delighted to have an opportunity of telling all he knows. He asks himself, "Where in England could I find anything like this?" No doubt the utilitarian reformer would answer contemptuously that in Italy people have nothing better to do than busy themselves with such trifles; they have plenty of room in their old palaces to stow away papers, and have so little to live upon in the present that they might well satisfy their appetite on the past. This answer is scarcely convincing. Even in busy England there are many men who are in want of work to do. If the towns of poor Italy can afford to pay salaries to keepers of archives, wealthy England might be expected to afford such an expense without grudging. The example of Italy might give us a lesson of political wisdom. It is a poor consolation for the antiquary to reflect that when the approaching dismemberment of the British Empire has been satisfactorily achieved, because men would not learn wisdom from the past, they will then have time to turn their attention to that neglected branch of study. It might perhaps be better to begin at once, for we do not seem to have so much practical wisdom at the head of affairs that we can dispense with the teachings of past experience.

In England, however, we are accustomed in some degree to supplement public failings by private enterprise. There is no general provision for making our archives accessible; but in the North Riding of Yorkshire a private Society has been formed for the purpose of calendaring and printing the documents preserved in the Clerk of the Peace's Office at Northallerton. These records of the activity of the Justices at Quarter Sessions begin in 1605, and the first volume reaches to 1612. Future volumes are to be less full in their details, and will only quote such entries as are important. By this means the entire publication will be brought into measurable compass.

Mr. Atkinson has done his task as editor carefully and well. His notes are not confined to any one special line, but illustrate peculiarities of language and local usage as well as historical and legal points. His introduction is short, and is mainly devoted to the consideration of the limitations of the uses to which these Records may be applied. It is not often that an editor recommends his readers not to make too much of the material which he supplies.

But Mr. Atkinson wisely cautions those who are in quest of statistics to pause for fuller information before they advance to general conclusions. This is sound advice to the local antiquary, who is not always remarkable for caution, and whose desire for results often leads him far beyond his evidence. We are not concerned with local history, but propose only to make a few gleanings from these pages which may serve to remind us of some features of the social life of the past.

The most important point of history which is illustrated by these Records is the punishment of Popish Recusants. In 1606 the penalties against recusancy had been revived, partly through indignation against the Gunpowder Plot, partly because James I.'s timidity had overcome his first feeling in favour of toleration. In parts of the North Riding of Yorkshire Catholicism was strong, and we find, as we should expect, many presentations of Recusants who were liable to a fine of 20*l.* a month. But, though long lists of Recusants occur from time to time, they do not represent such a formidable number of culprits as at first sight appears. The greater part of the names are repeated in most of the lists. The activity displayed in making presentments varied with the zeal of the constables in different localities. There seems to have been a desire to show signs of doing something; but the work was not carried on with great thoroughness or determination. Mr. Atkinson points out that the parts which were most notoriously occupied by Catholics do not afford a great number of presentments. This is quite natural. Where a strong Protestant feeling prevailed public opinion was directed against the Recusant. Where the Catholics were strong it was easy to make a private arrangement with the constables and avoid penalties. That this was largely the case we may infer from an entry in 1612:—"Ordered that warrants be made to the Bailiffs of the several Wapentakes to attach the several Constables that have made default in their presentments of the Recusants in their several parishes, townes and hamlets."

Whenever we approach closely to the records of any persecution we learn the same lesson. Persecution fails to be effective unless it can create an absolute certainty of the conviction and condign punishment of the offender. As society has not yet succeeded in making this sure in the case of notorious offenders against the public well-being, it is hopeless to ensure it when the offence is not recognized by all. The bad effect of persecuting laws lay not so much in the injustice of their principle as in the intolerable inequality and tyranny of their actual enforcement. One man finds himself singled out from amongst his fellows because he is the object of some petty spite, or has created ill-will by his uprightness, or has attracted some one's cupidity. He and everybody else knows that he is punished for these reasons, and not for any principle at stake. No wonder that persecution fails and becomes hateful to all.

We turn from these historical considerations to the picture of social life which the Records of the Quarter Sessions bring before us. Crimes of great atrocity do not seem very common. There is only one case recorded in this volume which shows brutal wickedness. The rest are such cases as we are familiar with—assaults, thefts, and the like. But an enthusiastic social reformer might feel his heart burn within him as he reads the record of the beneficent activity of the justices. Vice is apparently punished wherever it is found, and virtue is carefully rewarded. How large a view of the function of justice is shown in the presentment of a man for "playing at cards for money at Northallerton to the undoing of his wife and children." Such an instance would be a joy to those who would deprive the weary business man of the chance of beguiling his journey to Brighton by a rubber of whist. The Charity Organization Society might point to the good old days in which constables were called to account for "permitting four women, vagrantes more Egyptianorum, to stay in their vill, and go forth unpunished." Temperance reformers may envy the care which even a drunken age took of the morals of the young, and punished "Robert Pybus of Beedall for buying barley to malt to sell without license, and also use the trade of maiting, he being a very young man, unmarried." Nor did the justices hesitate to lay hands on offenders of all sorts, nor did they take a limited view of the range of their jurisdiction. They issue a warrant for the apprehension of a labourer who has committed adultery, while another man is charged with the compound crime of "neglecting the night-watch, and also keeping Rich Marshall's wife contrary to the laws of God and this land."

But if we are struck by the activity and good intentions of the justices, we are bound to admit, from the evidence before us, that people do not seem to have liked this activity, or to have agreed that it was always wisely exercised. In fact, the justices seem to have been regarded as petty tyrants, and their integrity was certainly not beyond suspicion. The number of cases of contempt is enormous, and the punishment in every case is prompt and severe. The justice's justice was not popular. We find that one jurymen allowed his feelings to carry him away so far that he made away with the presentments when they came into his hands officially. It is only fair to say that he had himself felt the rod in former times, and had to pay for his chivalrous, if mistaken, desire to help others by a ruinous fine. But there are many cases of revolt against the severe administration of the law. Two men of Guisbrough are presented because, "being commanded by the constable there to whip a vagrant person or sturdy beggar there taken, they contemptuously refused." It certainly seemed a stretch of authority for a constable to order passers-by to undertake the office of flogging a beggar. However, undeterred by their refusal,

\* The North Riding Record Society for the Publication of Original Documents relating to the North Riding of the County of York. Vol. I. Quarter Sessions Records. Edited by Rev. J. C. Atkinson. London: 1883-4.

he called in three other assistants, who tried to reconcile their conscience with obedience to authority. They "did, in neglect of justice therein, strike their rodde against the postes in the street instead of the rogue to give colour as though they had cruelly beaten him, whereas afterwards upon view there appeared no show of any stroak upon his back or shoulder." A warrant was issued for the apprehension of all these defaulters.

The justices were neither beloved nor respected, and the steps which they took to vindicate their injured dignity were ill adapted to secure a good result. A few examples out of many will show the position of affairs. A man was reported to Sir Richard Cholmeley as having accused him of injustice and partiality. He was at once called before the injured justice and bound to appear at the Sessions. "He then opprobriously said that Sir Richard might as well bind all the men in the towne as him, and that he did it for no other cause but for getting of fees." He was condemned to be set in the stocks upon a market day, and acknowledging his offence to ask Sir Richard Cholmeley forgiveness of the same upon his knees. A similar penalty was imposed upon a skinner who, "after a long speech made in Court by Mr. Bethell touching his lewd life and behaviour, said that four wordes of his said speech were not true." There seems to have been a strong impression that the justices were open to bribes, and their summary punishment of any words to that effect was not the best way to clear their characters. These Records are full of testimonies that the administration of justice was by no means popular, that the hand of justices was heavy, and that the maintenance of their own dignity and freedom from criticism occupied too much of their attention.

A few facts may be noticed which bear upon the question of landholding. There were many enactments which vainly endeavoured to stop the practice of converting tillage land into pasture, and thereby destroying small farmers. We find a man presented "for that he hath decayed his husbandries in Beedall, and hath made them cottages." The little plots of land had been turned into a large farm, and the houses had become mere tenements. In another case a man had "layd to pasture all the tilage belonging to two oxgangs of land at Worsall." We find a note in 1607, "The townes undernamed are inclosed and pitifully depopulated: Maunby by Will. Middleton, about xvi years since; Gristwaite by the late Erle of Northumberland about xxx years since; North Kilvington by Mr. Mennell." But, however pitiful might be results of enclosure, it still went on in spite of the vigorous protest of the people. In 1609 two hundred rods of a stone wall raised by the Earl of Exeter, Lord of the Manor of Newsham, for the purpose of enclosing and improving a certain parcel of Newsham Moor, were thrown down, and the inhabitants of the neighbourhood refused to criminate the persons concerned. Justice, however, was determined in those days that the rights of property should be fully respected. A distraint was ordered to be made upon the inhabitants of the neighbouring townships "to levie such sum of money as shall be sufficient for the repairing of the said wall." From notices such as these we gain an insight into the process by which the rural life of England was slowly changed.

Such publications as those which we are considering provide material which may in time make a social history of England possible. They give a lively picture of the life of the past. It is to be hoped that the example of the North Riding Record Society may be largely followed. Archæological societies are too much given to publishing papers about subjects to the neglect of documents. It would be well if they were more disposed to add to the sources of history rather than indulge in ingenious conjecture.

#### HAMLET.\*

"ANOTHER Childe Roland come to the dark tower!" is the natural exclamation when one sees a fresh study of *Hamlet*. Mr. Browning has not revealed the fate of the talkative young person who is left blowing that celebrated slug-horn. But if he came not out of the adventure better than the author of *Phantastes* out of his, he had not much claim to crow over his predecessors. Of Dr. Macdonald's mechanical arrangement of his work we have little to say. The Folio text is reprinted verbatim on the left with the variants of the Second Quarto, and occasionally an illustrative passage from that literary curiosity the First Quarto, while on the right-hand page Dr. Macdonald's comment is given. As a verbal critic he is not wholly unsound, sticking creditably to his text, and rarely indulging in a conjectural emendation. His philology is a little wild, and the ingenious confessions, first, that he used to think abominable derived from *ab* and *homo*, and, secondly, that "he is informed" that *fardel* is an old French variant of *fardeau*, do not argue a very great amount of scholarship. That, however, may pass. Of Dr. Macdonald's general attitude towards the characters we might say much, but that is not the head and front of his offending. We can discern in the text no single word (for "that adulterate beast" is clearly not enough) to warrant the accusation of infidelity to her first husband before his death, which Dr. Macdonald brings against Gertrude; and we are quite sure that his revilings of Laertes from the first ("dishonest," "libertine," and the like) are childish. Till his desire for revenge and his sense of wrong by a person too great to be openly attacked overmaster him, Laertes

shows no trace that we can see of vice or crime; and, if the death of a father and a sister, with the subtle promptings of Claudius to boot, are not enough to account for his attempt to assassinate Hamlet, we have read sixteenth-century history to little purpose. That Dr. Macdonald thinks the worst of Ophelia, too, is almost unnecessary to say; for the intelligent reader will have seen from what has been said already that he is a blind Hamlet-worshipper of the class that thinks to exalt its favourites by crying down everybody else. Not only is Hamlet perfectly sane according to Dr. Macdonald, but he is not in the least irresolute, and merely waits till he has full proofs of his uncle's guilt. Well! well! a man may hold all this and yet be a critic not unworthy to deal with *Hamlet*. It is, unluckily, the details of Dr. Macdonald's dealing which show him to be out of place in this gallery.

It is about page 9 that the knees of the observant reader begin to be loosened with dismay. Upon Marcellus's remarks as to the military preparations Dr. Macdonald comments, "Here is set up a frame of external relations to enclose with fitting contrast, harmony, and suggestion the coming show of things." It reminds us terribly of *Osric*, that frame; neither does it reassure us to find the editor asking whether "sharked up" is connected with the German *scharren* and the A. S. *searcean*. Why on earth should it be connected with anything but itself, which means "snapped up," "picked up"? But still these are trifles. Not quite so trifling is it to find that soliloquy is "the lifting of a veil through which dialogue passes." Beshrew us if we have the least notion what this means! Even yet the agony is not at its height. On the famous "That one may smile and smile," &c., the commentator gravely observes, "Note the glimpse of Hamlet's character here given. At thirty years it is a discovery to him that a man may smile and be a villain. . . . But note also his honesty, &c., in the qualification he sets, 'at least in Denmark.'" And this incredible literalness occurs on the same page in which Dr. Macdonald notes rightly enough that Hamlet seems to have been "thrown into grimmest humour by the Ghost's communication." Why, of course he was; and the solemn making a note of that *vérité de M. de la Palisse* about villany and smiling is the grimmest and most humorous touch of it. After this, and aware as we are already that Dr. Macdonald has made up his mind that Laertes is a *veurien*, it is not surprising to find him gravely taking Polonius's characteristic espionage on his son as an evidence of and preparation for Laertes's villainess. Yet this last might only be an instance of a tyrannous fixed idea. Dr. Macdonald's commentatorial incapacity comes out more unmistakably in his note on "The lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt fort." "Does this," says our editor gravely, "does this refer to the pause that expresses the unutterable, or to the ruin of the measure of the verse by an incompetent heroine?" Why, neither, Goodman Dull; as you might have seen with half a glance at the context. Everything that Hamlet says here is, as often with him, a quaintly put truism, and this particular truism is simply "Glib speeches shall run glibly." We have not space for a similar example of compassing sea and land for an explanation which is patent, but the curious may find it in the note on "His picture in little." That Dr. Macdonald thinks Ophelia a poor creature, despite the exquisite "O what a noble mind," is merely consistent with his general theory that everybody in the play except Hamlet, and perhaps Horatio, is a villain or a poor creature; a theory, we may observe in passing, which shows about as complete a general as well as a particular misapprehension of Shakespeare as anything well could do.

The singular statement that "very little blank verse of any kind was written before Shakespeare's, the usual form of dramatic verse was long irregular rhymed lines," and the strange query about "raced" or "razed" "could it mean cut down?" as if it could mean anything else, suggest a different line of fault-finding which need not now be followed up. Nor need we discuss lengthily our author's singular comment on the passage where the Queen does not see the Ghost—"Her conduct has built such a wall between them that I doubt whether, were she a ghost herself also, she could see him." The optic possibilities of ghosts *entre eux* form a subject, if not too recondite, at any rate too irrelevant to *Hamlet*. But what is really funny is the way in which Dr. Macdonald, to bear out his theory of Hamlet's perfect resoluteness against Hamlet himself, the Ghost, *e tutti quanti*, annotates the verse "thy almost blunted purpose." The Ghost, it seems, mistakes; he "judges merely from the fact that Claudius has not made his appearance in the ghost world." What a shallow monster would Dr. Macdonald make of the buried Majesty of Denmark! How Laertes has been "ripening in Paris for villainy," and some of the remarks on the pirate passage, are also very curious. By the way, amid all the speculations as to *Hamlet*, few seem more reasonable than that this very convenient pirate which came up at the nick of time and sheered off in such an odd way, and never, though much the fastest sailor, pursued her victim, and treated Hamlet so obligingly, had come up by arrangement. But this is a digression.

The great fault of Dr. Macdonald's work—the spirit of literalness and far-fetched explanation—reappears admirably in his grave query, "Can this indicate any point in the history of English society?" on Hamlet's words, "These three years I have taken note of it," &c. His explanation of the famous "In scuffling they change rapiers" is unnatural, for it does not account for Laertes obtaining Hamlet's weapon, and it ignores the fencing of the time. But the crown and flower of the later annotations is the following, one of the last of a considerable number in which Dr. Macdonald is good enough to tell the actors their business in the stage sense

\* *Hamlet: a Study with the Text of the Folio of 1623.* By George Macdonald. London: Longmans & Co. 1885.



and the lay both. "Here," he says at Hamlet's handsome apology to Laertes before the fencing-match, "here the actor should show a marked calmness and elevation in Hamlet. He should have around him as it were a luminous cloud—the cloud of his coming end. A smile not all of this world should close the speech." This is moderation with a vengeance; but it must be admitted that Shakspeare would have enjoyed it. "Have you never a luminous cloud about you, or a smile that is not all of this world?" is a query which he was quite capable of putting in the mouth of some wicked person of the Feste order humorously, or in one of the Slender and Aguecheek breed in seriousness.

We have no desire to deal harshly with Dr. Macdonald, much less to treat his serious work with unfair levity. But we must confess that such passages as those which we have quoted wholly disable him in our opinion from pretending, now or afterwards, to the post of Interpreter to Shakspeare pilgrims. He is, as we have said, not unsound on the text; though one theory of his, that in every case where a passage occurs in the Quarto but not in the Folio it must be presumed to have been first written and then deliberately omitted by the bard, we think quite wrong. He talks no rubbish about second periods and third manners, no scholastic gabble about stopped lines and weak endings. If anything, he seeks to possess a rather too unprejudiced mind in respect of familiarity with the other Elizabethan dramatists. But his great and fatal fault is an entire lack of humour. Now humour is necessary to man in all states and conditions of life; but perhaps in none is it so necessary to him as in the worshipful, but perilous, office of commentator. If Dr. Macdonald had had humour as a grain of mustard-seed, he could not have indicted those sentences about the unearthly smile and the luminous cloud, or that little query about the unutterable when Hamlet is chaffing the players, or, above all, that astounding discovery that the possible conjunction of villany and smiling was a discovery to Hamlet at the age of thirty, and that he made a note of it at once in all good faith with, as became a man of severe equity, the reservation that this was at least the case in Denmark. It is not that Dr. Macdonald would not have done these things if he had had humour, but that he could not. His lungs would have begun to crow like Chanticleer as he wrote them, and he would have dropped his pen to laugh at himself. Now whose comments on the greatest humorist that ever lived must be something of a humorist himself. Of course he will not be always laughing, though laughter will never be far off from him. But he will never seek noon at fourteen hours in the way in which so many commentators seek it. In criticizing such a play as *Hamlet* he will remember that every play of Shakspeare, tragic or comic, early or late, fanciful or realist, is a piece of the most vivacious and actual life, and that all the events and all the sayings of it are no more to be expounded on a single theory and no more possess an invariably recondite explanation than the events and speeches of life. Where nearly all the theories of *Hamlet* go wrong is that they will be theories and consistent theories. Your consistent consistent man, and your consistent inconsistent man, and your cunning statist of a madman, and your ambitious plotter, and your habitual philosopher, are none of them *men*, and therefore they are none of them Hamlet. There is a little of all of them in Hamlet just because he is a man. If any one will be content to follow instead of trying to lead, to take what Shakspeare gives him instead, as Dr. Macdonald does, showing us, for instance, how the Ghost made a mistake, he will not go far wrong in *Hamlet*. In the same way, no one who does not want heart or eye or both can doubt Ophelia, and no one who is not as politically unwise as Polonius will make Laertes a villain from the first. For commentary—commentary of the scholarly and unambitious sort—there will always be plenty of room in a writer of Shakspeare's age, originality, and uncritical condition as to text. Whatsoever is more than this had better be left to the intelligent reader to do for himself; it can never, even by an angel from heaven, be done for the unintelligent.

#### MACKAIL'S ÆNEID.\*

VIRGIL is the constant puzzle of translators. The *Æneid*, of all poems, perhaps, the most popular till our own day, has been rendered into verse of every kind, from Professor Conington's imitation of Scott to Mr. William Morris's imitation of we know not what archaic English. Perhaps among readers ignorant of Latin the rhymed couplets of Dryden still hold their own as victoriously as do Pope's renderings of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. But it is extremely probable that the large public which wants to know what a classical poet really had to say without the "poetry," to which Carlyle gave one of his unkind adjectives, would be glad to possess a really good prose translation. Unluckily this is just the point where the difficulty becomes greatest. Apart from the poetry of his manner, Virgil does lack attraction. Every one either despises, or affects to despise, his hero, the pious Æneas. Nobody feels towards Lavinia as he does towards Circe or Calypso. The poem (apart from its poetry) is artificial, and the things said chiefly charm us by the manner of their saying. How is this charm to be preserved in English? Only, we fear, by substituting some other poetic charm. The wine must be poured, to use Mr. Swinburne's phrase, from the golden into the silver vessel, such as the cup, glittering and majestic, of Dryden's verse. In prose we

only taste the Virgilian wine from a wooden bowl, or from the native pewter. Now the native pewter scarcely fits a draught which (like all Italian wines) bears importation badly.

These very obvious reflections must have been always present to Mr. Mackail's mind while he was busy with his interesting prose version of the *Æneid*. He must have been met, at every line, at every word, by the puzzle of maintaining, in such an alien medium as English prose, the distinction and magic of English verse; indeed, he says as much in his preface. A prose translation of the *Æneid* "can only have the value of a copy of some great painting executed in mosaic, if indeed a copy in Berlin wool is not a closer analogy." Nor has it been his ambition to supply a simple unassuming crib. The small boy who furtively tries to aid himself by Mr. Mackail's version will probably flounder and come to ignominious grief. The book appeals, above all, to people who are ignorant of Latin, and yet are eager to have a close knowledge of the author's substance, undimmed by the inevitable conceits, additions, and refinements of modern versifiers. Such readers will obtain from Mr. Mackail more than they will get from any other version to which we can direct them. It is inevitable that the Mantuan Swan, in prose, should move occasionally like the traditional swan on a turnpike road. After a fine passage, in which the translator's art moves with smoothness, harmony, and speed, there will unavoidably come some jarring word, or some turn which is felt not to be quite idiomatic. Again, the rhythms of prose will glide unperceived into blank verse, that weed which flourishes in all prose renderings of poetry. As an example of an impassioned speech, which may be read with pleasure and admiration in the prose of Mr. Mackail, let us take the appeal of Dido to her fugitive lover (iv. 305-330):—

And thou didst hope, traitor, to mask the crime, and slip away in silence from my land? Our love holds thee not, nor the hand thou once gavest, nor the bitter death that is left for Dido's portion? Nay, under the wintry star thou labour'st on thy feet, and hastenest to launch into the deep amid northern gales; ah, cruel! Why, were thy quest not of alien fields and unknown dwellings, did thine ancient Troy remain, should Troy be sought in voyages over tossing seas? Fliest thou from me; me who by these tears and thine own hand beseech thee, since naught else, alas! have I kept mine own—by our union and the marriage rites preparing; if I have done thee any grace, or aught of mine hath once been sweet in thy sight,—pity our sinking house, and if there yet be room for prayers, put off this purpose of thine. For thy sake Libyan tribes and Nomad kings are hostile; my Tyrians are estranged; for thy sake, thine, is mine honour perished, and the former fame, my one title to the skies. How leavest thou me to die, O my guest? since to this the name of husband has dwindled down. For what do I wait? till Pygmalion overthrow his sister's city, or Gaetulian farbas lead me to captivity? At least if before thy flight a child of thine had been clasped in my arms,—if a tiny Æneas were playing in my hall, whose face might yet image thine,—I would not think myself ensnared and deserted utterly.

Here, in the first line, one does not quite see why "nefas tantum" is compressed into "the crime," unless the style of the sentence refused to include a fuller translation. Conington tries to get the force of "etiam" by writing "to hide. Yes, hide," and does not scruple to call the crime "enormous." But who can say that "enormous" is Virgilian, or appropriate, or worthy of Dido? Then, still in the first sentence, Mr. Mackail lapses into blank verse:—

And slip away in silence from my land.

This kind of lapse, as we have said, is almost inevitable, unless very carefully watched, in prose renderings of classical poetry. An American critic has lately shown this in reviewing the prose versions of Homer. Almost immediately follows:—

And hastenest to launch into the deep;

then:—

And thine own hand beseech thee, since naught else.

Conington is just as apt to "break into blank" the Virgilian measure, writing, for example,

To steal away in silence from my realm

where Mr. Mackail has

And slip away in silence from my land.

Again:—

For thy sake Libyan tribes and Nomad kings  
Are hostile.

Here we only need an "and" to supply Mr. Mackail with two consecutive verses:—

For thy sake Libyan tribes and Nomad kings  
Are hostile, and my Tyrians are estranged.

In spite of these examples of "dropping into poetry," their presence does not strike on the ear, unless the whole prose passage is vigilantly read for the purpose of detecting the lurking blank verse.

Let us take another text, the description of Dido's love-sickness (iv. 77-85):—

Now, as day wanes, she seeks the repeated banquet, and again madly pleads to hear the agonies of Ilium, and again hangs on the teller's lips. Thereafter, when all are gone their ways, and the dim moon in turn quenches her light, and the setting stars counsel to sleep, alone in the empty house she mourns, and flings herself on the couch he left; distant she hears and sees him in the distance; or enthralled by the look he has of his father, she holds Ascanius on her lap, if so she may steal the love she may not utter.

Here one is not quite satisfied with "the look he has of his father," nor with "if so she may steal the love she may not utter," an expression not very intelligible. Conington may more readily be understood when he writes "to cheat, if she can, her ungovernable passion," though why "ungovernable" (*infandum*) it were hard to guess.

\* *The Æneid of Virgil*. Translated into English by J. W. Mackail, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

By way of an example in a totally different style of thought, let us choose the pantheistic confession of faith in the Sixth Book (vi. 724, "Principio cœlum," &c.):—

First of all, heaven and earth and the liquid fields, the shining orb of the moon and the Titanian star, doth a spirit sustain fully, and a soul shed abroad in them ways all their members and mingles in the mighty frame. Thence is the generation of man and beast, the life of winged things, and the monstrous forms that ocean breeds under his glittering floor. Those seeds have fiery force and divine birth, so far as they are not clogged by taint of the body and dulled by earthy frames and limbs ready to die. Hence is it they fear and desire, sorrow and rejoice; nor can they pierce the air while barred in the blind darkness of their prison-house. Nay, and when the last ray of life is gone, not yet, alas! does all their woe, nor do all the plagues of the body wholly leave them free; and needs must be that many a long engrained evil should take root marvellously deep. Therefore they are schooled in punishment, and pay all the forfeit of a life-long ill; some are hung stretched to the viewless winds; some have the taint of guilt washed out beneath the dreary deep, or burned away in fire. We suffer, each a several ghost; thereafter we are sent to the broad spaces of Elysium, some few of us to possess the happy fields; till length of days completing time's circle takes out the engrained sorrow and leaves untainted the ethereal sense and pure spiritual flame. All these before thee, when the wheel of a thousand years hath come fully round, a God summons in vast train to the river of Lethe, that so they may regain in forgetfulness the slopes of upper earth, and begin to desire to return again into the body.

Naturally one prefers

the monstrous forms

That Ocean breeds under his glittering floor

of Mr. Mackail's prose to Conington's "Strange forms that Ocean carries beneath his marble surface." Yet we are not quite sure that Mr. Mackail does not slightly stretch the sense when he writes:—

Some are hung stretched to the viewless winds,  
Some have the taint of guilt washed out beneath  
The dreary deep or burned away in fire.

"The dreary deep" has just a touch of a modern "pathetic fallacy," or so it seems to us when taken as a rendering of "sub gurgite vasto." Conington has "whelming gulf," and has "piercing winds" for *ventos inanes*, where Mr. Mackail's "viewless winds" is far to be preferred. For the difficult or impossible "quisque suos patimur manes," Mr. Mackail has "we suffer each a several ghost," which, on reflection, has a meaning actual but dim, like the matter of which the poet is treating. Much more immediately intelligible is Conington's "each is chastized in his own spirit," which inevitably raises the question how could he be chastized in another person's spirit? But, if we accept Mr. Mackail's view, we have an impression of each man's true and permanently conscious self watching and strangely sharing the sufferings of a shadowy, ineffectual thing, himself yet not himself, his "shell," as the theosophistic slang goes, a somewhat wandering, like a fevered dream, in the penal settlements of space. But this expansion may well seem fantastic, and only remotely suggested by the version of Mr. Mackail.

Many passages we have noted are, perhaps, capable of a more satisfactory turn in the First Book; but the first books of translations, for some reason or reasons, are always the most difficult. The translator does not at once "get into his stride." Though we think it probable that in a second edition Mr. Mackail will improve his book, it is already a valuable and interesting example of scholarship directed by fine taste, animated by a wide knowledge of the felicities of English literature, and devoted, as such gifts are seldom devoted, to the service of popular needs, and the diffusion of the purest pleasures.

#### LONDON BELLFOUNDERS AND SURREY BELLS.\*

ALTHOUGH the late Mr. Riley was mistaken in translating "le Pesur" as the bellmaker, unquestionably there were in London founders at a very early period. Mr. Stahl Schmidt has earned the gratitude of all London antiquaries and many other readers by the pains he has taken to find out all he can about them and the clear way in which he has recorded the result of his inquiries. His book is very appropriately dedicated to the memory of the lamented Mr. North, whose books have been noticed in these columns from year to year as they came out. Mr. Stahl Schmidt does not find any very distinct mention of bell-founders before the thirteenth century; for, although "Alwoldus Campanarius" is named in the records of St. Paul's in 1140, he is probably correct in considering that "campanarius" is a bell-ringer rather than a bellfounder. On the other hand, a very early City surname, "le Poter," or the potter, is probably that of a bellfounder. Walter le Poter was elected sheriff in 1272; and the makers of brazen vessels and bells always called themselves "potters" until late in the fourteenth century. The most interesting fact, however, which Mr. Stahl Schmidt has brought out is the locality in which these founders exercised their craft. It was in the extreme east of the City, about Aldgate, both within and without the walls. The thoroughfare now called Billiter Street marks the centre of the "bell-zetter's" trade. About the end of the fourteenth century the term "potter" dies out in the Hustings rolls, and the trade splits up into founders, whose work was mainly to cast, and braziers, whose work was to hammer. The Founders' Company received

their ordinances from the City authorities in 1365, and the Braziers some forty years later. Mr. Stahl Schmidt observes that the Braziers "were certainly in existence fifty years earlier, as they appear in the list of Guilds, contributing towards the expenses of Edward III.'s French wars in 1363." Here, as in so many other places, and notably in the *Report of the City Companies' Commission*, we see guild and company confounded. That there was a guild among the braziers in 1363 does not mean that the Braziers' Company was in existence. There were probably several guilds among the braziers, as we know that they specially affected certain churches, such as St. Andrew's and St. Botolph's, Aldgate. As a rule, however, Mr. Stahl Schmidt, if he errs, does so from over-caution, and though a great deal of what he tells us is absolutely new and of the nature of original discovery, he never lets his subject run away with him, and asserts very little that he cannot prove. In fact, he is evidently very averse to forming theories and making guesses. He might, for instance, have suggested that such a modern surname as Ollier or Hollier is a corruption of *Ollarius*; or that the mysterious "R. L. shield" belongs to Robert Lorchon, who is known to have been a "potter," yet none of whose bells have been identified. In one place, however, he seems to have stumbled, but not very seriously. There is a certain Henry Derby, who about the middle of the fourteenth century was executor to William Cosyn, a bell-founder. Mr. Stahl Schmidt would identify him with Henry Derby who appears on the Hustings rolls as an "ironmonger" in 1362. Dr. Sharpe, as Mr. Stahl Schmidt very fairly admits, objects to this identification, thinking that a founder could not be a member of the Ironmongers' Company at that date, but would have been "obliged to belong to the Guild that governed the trade to which he belonged." Here, of course, we have the old confusion—on both sides—between guild and company. Henry Derby could not have belonged to the Founders' Company in 1362, because it only obtained recognition in 1365. He could not have belonged to the Braziers' Company, because it only dates from 1416. And here we may go a step further. Whatever was his trade or business, he could not have belonged to the Ironmongers' Company, because it was not then, nor for a hundred years later, in existence. The mixture in the historical mind of guilds and companies accounts for all this confusion. But we have no intention of finding any serious fault with Mr. Stahl Schmidt's book on this account. The error is too common. He has given us so much that is original, interesting, and curious that he may well be pardoned for doing what fully five London antiquaries out of six would have done in his place.

The second part of the book is an attempt, and a very successful one, to do for Surrey what Mr. North did for several midland counties. We may notice a few of the more curious examples he adduces; but in truth there is hardly a dull page in the book, if we omit the copies of wills, which, however, have an interest of their own for the antiquary. Although the oldest-dated bell in England is always believed to be that of 1297 at Cloughton, in Lancashire, Mr. Stahl Schmidt is evidently of opinion that a bell at Chaldon, in Surrey, is older. Chaldon is famous for the twelfth-century painting which covers the west wall of the nave; that the bell is as old as the picture Mr. Stahl Schmidt will not assert. But it is undoubtedly the oldest in the county, and not later, at all events, than 1250, though probably far older. Though few of the older bells in Surrey are dated, many bear inscriptions, and Mr. Stahl Schmidt is able to judge of their antiquity by the form of the letters. He is of opinion that the Lombardic capitals went out of use about 1420, "overlapping" the black letter about twenty years. The volume abounds in curious quotations from parochial books. Thus at Lambeth, under 1517-18 we read that two shillings and fourpence were paid to the yeoman almoner "for default off the ryngynge off the bells at the Kyngs comynge"; and under 1586-87 that twenty-one pence were paid "for makinge y<sup>e</sup> men drinke when they brought home y<sup>e</sup> Bell and other honest men w<sup>th</sup> them." The bell inscriptions are very characteristic of their respective ages. On a bell in the church of St. George, Southwark, dated 1738, is this surprising couplet:—

My voice at proper times I'll raise,  
And sound to my subscribers' praise.

#### NOVELS AND TALES.\*

WHATEVER may be the virtues or vices of modern novelists, they cannot, as a rule, be accused of being either quaint or old-fashioned. Yet before us lie three volumes, of the size and in the binding of the conventional novel of the period, which are both quaint and old-fashioned. This description may lead people to imagine that the story must be dry and dreary, and its title of

\* *Warren Knowles*. By Alan James Gulston. 3 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1885.

*The Heiress of Wynington*. By Evelyn Everett-Green. London: Nelson & Sons. 1885.

*Near Neighbours*. By Frances Mary Peard. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1885.

*Gräub*. By Ellen Barker. London: Remington & Co. 1885.

*Chasing a Fortune*. By Phil. Robinson. "The Indian Garden Series." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

*Leaves Fallen from an Aspen*. By the Author of "Pansy." London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

\* *Surrey Bells and London Bellfounders: a Contribution to the Comparative Study of Bell Inscriptions*. By J. C. L. Stahl Schmidt. London: Elliot Stock. 1884.



Warren Knowles does not give much promise of excitement. Nevertheless there is scarcely a dull page in the whole novel, the interest never flags from beginning to end, and it is so full of incident, wonders, hairbreadth escapes, villainies, and boundless generousities, that in these respects it rivals *Monte Cristo* itself. Indeed a young reviewer might not unnaturally count up the murders, suicides, burials alive, poisonings, life savings, drownings, &c., and hold up the list for scorn and derision. If he did so he would be wrong, for it is evident that the author has made use of extravagant incident as deliberately as he has adopted a quaint style and an antiquated phraseology. Throughout the story the hero is constantly getting into difficulties, but then he is as constantly getting out of them, and we generally leave him safe, sound, and tucked up for the night, at the end of a chapter. Badly as things often go, there are never any of those misunderstandings between the hero and heroine which make most novels so provoking. Warren Knowles is the son of the owner of Knowle Manor, a property which is mortgaged to a Mr. Beal. The Knowles family has been reduced to poverty principally through the rascality of a lawyer. Warren sells out of the Guards, and enlists as a gunner in the artillery. Then he buys himself out of the artillery and travels with a friend to the wilds of America. There he purchases for 3,000*l.* six of the finest diamonds in the world, and after various thrilling adventures returns to England. He then pays a visit, *incognito*, to Knowle Manor, where he falls in love with Miss Beal, the niece and heiress of the occupant. He becomes an underground-keeper to Mr. Beal, and goes in and out of the house as he likes by means of a secret passage known only to himself. A fiend in human (and female) form, who had unfortunately fallen in love with him in the wilds of America, now appears upon the scene. Two or three diabolical plots, some gipsies, poachers, and a nurse who poisons her patients for pay, then make things lively until the grand finale, when the good are rewarded and the wicked are punished in an orthodox and ancient manner. As we have already hinted, this is just one of those novels with which an inexperienced reviewer might make a mistake, as it approaches the verge of the ridiculous; but it does so with a purpose and with considerable success.

If we were to write a novel we would rather write any sort than a religious novel, for the author of a religious novel is in this difficulty, that his work can only please those who hold exactly his own opinions. Nor does it always follow that even they will be satisfied. *The Heiress of Wylmington* is a very fair specimen of religious fiction. It is evidently written with an excellent motive; its style is womanlike (in the best sense of the word) as well as ladylike, and its author has evidently endeavoured to avoid anything approaching religious controversy. We do not wish to criticize the theological opinions expressed in this novel, but we may say that there are some remarks in its pages with which sensible people of every creed and every shade of opinion can scarcely fail to sympathize. Generally speaking, writers of religious novels are not distinguished for their knowledge of the world; but there is a good deal of worldly wisdom in *The Heiress of Wylmington*. The story is not particularly exciting; but, such as it is, it is pleasantly and prettily told. The characters are ordinary people, who do a little ordinary falling in love and a little ordinary marrying. There is no particular plot to be described. It would be rash to say that so serious a novel will bore nobody; but we may safely prophesy that it will please many. It is in no unkind spirit of criticism that we point out that it contains a little too much about "feelings." In one place we are made to feel three times in six lines. Scoffers may possibly object that solid grounds for a religious belief are more valuable than mere feelings; but it would be unfair to be too severe upon the well-meaning author on this ground. We are bound to say, however, that a large proportion of the novel is taken up with descriptions of ladies sitting together in their rooms and comparing notes about their feelings—all very well in its way, but there ought not to be too much of it. The literary style is good upon the whole; but here and there it is peculiar. For instance, we read of a young lady complaining that she is "not a child, mamma, neither in mind nor in age." The heroine says to a friend, "Do you not feel to require some of your accustomed resources?" and this same friend says, "I want you both of you to kiss me."

We may say at once, without hesitation, that *Near Neighbours* is an excellent novel. It is a story of modern life in the Netherlands, and it reminds one of a gallery of Dutch pictures, without their coarseness. There is a minuteness of touch which reminds one of Mieris; there are atmospheric effects not unlike those of Cuypp; there are moonlight scenes which recall the work of Artus Van Der Neer; and there are roads and avenues that please us almost as much as those of Hobbema. With all this, there is a breadth and a refinement which are more after the manner of Italian than of Dutch masters; and, best of all, there is plenty of variety of subject. We are well aware that language of this sort exposes the critic himself to criticism. It is too much in "the symphony in blue" and "the sonata in yellow" style, and our readers may begin to tremble lest we should rave about a novel in B flat; but we think that when they have read *Near Neighbours*—and we hope they will read it—they will admit that our comparison of writing with painting is in this case justified.

*Graab* is a political novel written by a lady. We did not criticize the theology of *The Heiress of Wylmington*, and we will not criticize the politics of *Graab*; but we may observe that Miss Ellen Barker seems to have studied closely the political matters of which she writes, and that she treats them with considerable

ability. We are not quite so well satisfied with the form in which she presents her learning to us. There are pages upon pages professing to be articles from newspapers; some twenty pages are devoted to lectures on Fair Trade at a young men's institute; and seven pages are filled with speeches at a public meeting on the Ilbert Bill. The hero of the story is a young Indian prince. He was the illegitimate son of an English officer by an Indian woman, but somehow he was none the less an Indian prince. Guizirax Sing was "a most superior person"; deep study "gave a certain hardness and coldness to his facial contour"; he had a "distinguished ensemble," and, best of all, "there was an ineffable something about him." When a baby he had been thrown into a river with nothing on but a gold anklet, on which were written these words—"Great-grandson of Rajah Daood—Take care of me." He eventually fell into the hands of "a buxom widow," who when we are introduced was "of fair, fat, and fifty." A widow "of fair" might possibly serve as a foster-mother for ordinary foundlings, but only a widow "of fat" could be a worthy protector for an ineffable foundling. Fortunately this buxom widow had no other child to occupy her attention. Now, if the foundling had fallen into the hands of her sister, the case would have been very different. That lady "had seen and fed seven little chicks round her table at one time, now, alas! she had only four dear, sweet young chicks." Who can read this without recalling the beautiful poem, "Seven little, six little, five little Indians; Six little, five little, four little Indians; Three little Indians, Two little Indians, One little Indian boy"? Not that the seven little chicks were seven little Indians; but then there was that one little Indian boy. As for the plot, it can soon be described. The Indian prince is loved by an English girl, but instead of marrying her he poisons himself with prussic acid, leaving instructions that his body is to be dissected at University Hospital.

The author has a habit of repeating the same thing several times over, even when that thing is not of extreme importance. In the opening chapter the answer to a certain telegram was "Yes," and we have this answer repeated to us no less than eight times. Being short, one might have imagined that such a reply would be easily remembered, but the author seems afraid lest her readers should forget it. On a certain occasion the monsoon set in at Calcutta, and we are told that the Hindoos yelled "Jah! Jah! Jah!" This is all very well. On the next page, however, we have it again. "No wonder the Hindoos cries 'Jah! Jah!'" No wonder, indeed! But at the end of the chapter we have it for a third time:—"No wonder the Hindoo shouted out 'Jah! Jah!'" Here is something that is only said once, but it is remarkable:—"Rotten Row and the Drive presented one congested mass of human beings, mounted on their mares or reclining in their gorgeous carriages." Rotten Row has been described, we suppose, twice ten thousand times; indeed, it is rare that a novel appears in which it is not described; but this "congested mass of human beings, mounted on their mares," is a description so original that it alone should ensure celebrity for *Graab*. One of the leading characters of the novel is "a big, strapping soldier," who "had wrestled with lions and tigers in the jungles of India." Henceforward let Cumberland wrestlers sink into insignificance! Had we sufficient space we would describe the charms of some children who call their father "Pa" and their mother "the mum," and sometimes "ma, dear," and those of some youths who address each other as "old chappie"—"such nice, hearty, plain-speaking young fellows," the author calls them. When a reviewer has done nothing but praise a book, he generally winds up by suggesting that, in the next edition, some trifling printer's error should be corrected; accordingly, we beg to be allowed to point out that "a women" on the twentieth page might bear alteration, and we are charitable enough to hope that there must be some printer's error in the sentence "The widow blushed pretty rosy under her cap." Miss Ellen Barker is an M.C.P., and we cannot believe that an M.C.P. would write such a sentence as that.

*Chasing a Fortune* is a collection of stories that form the first of a series of little volumes called "The Indian Garden Series." The type, though small, is clear, and the cardboard covers are just too thick to curl up, an evil habit to which the paper covers of other little books of the same size and print are much addicted. The main subject of this particular little volume is zoology, although it appears under various disguises, and now and then it is interrupted by a short interlude, such as a chapter on the question whether paupers ought to be allowed snuff and beer at Christmas, and another on "Hot water as a drink." Scattered here and there are many interesting bits of information about birds, beasts, reptiles, and insects. The story of "Chasing a Fortune," in which a large monkey bolts into the jungle with an important will, is as original and lively as it is absurd and impossible. Even in this one little tale there is much about the manners and customs of monkeys, crocodiles, and tigers. In the chapter "Are Conger-Eels Real Turtle?" there is a good deal that did not appear in the newspaper correspondence upon the subject.

*Leaves Fallen from an Aspen* is a child's story-book. It consists of the autobiography of a toy-donkey; but in telling his own story the toy tells us much more about the adventures of his little master. The sufferings of this dear little man under his horrible governess, Miss Gobbs, are described with both pathos and humour. So-called children's books that amuse adults too often fail to amuse children; but this little story is well suited for both old and young. The affection of the child for his favourite donkey,

even when it has lost its stand and much of its hair, is well and touchingly described. We were much afraid at one period of the story that the little hero was going to die at the end of the book; but our fears proved groundless. The volume is quite free from the false sentiment and didactic tone which spoil so many children's books. It may not be very wholesome for orphans to read that, if they are too severely treated by their tutors and governors, or governesses, they may be made wards in Chancery, and this may be said to be the moral of this tale. But young people are much more likely to wish to read the book now that we have told them that the moral is a doubtful one. It is a charming little story, and it has certainly given us more pleasure than one or two of the other books that we have been reviewing.

## BOOKS ON DIVINITY.\*

MR. HEBER EVANS is not satisfied with M. Renan's admission that "the author of the Third Gospel and of the Acts is in all reality Luke, the disciple of Paul," because M. Renan will not allow that the twenty-first chapter of this Gospel was written before the Siege of Jerusalem. He believes that if it can once be proved that the Third Gospel and the Acts were written before this date, the chief positions for which sceptics have contended would be at once overthrown, and we may anticipate a little and say that he considers that he has proved this as "conclusively and scientifically as the Law of Gravity." He bases his proof on internal evidence of similarity of style and of opinion, and he has accumulated a very large number of words, phrases, and figures of speech peculiar to the Epistles of St. Paul on the one hand and to the Acts and the Third Gospel on the other, but he makes no allowance for the fact that these coincidences may be accounted for by St. Luke's long association with St. Paul. He may have been the amanuensis of more than one of his Epistles. Again, the writer considers that the parallelism between the experiences of Paul and Peter and Paul and Christ readily traceable in the Acts can only have been instituted by the hand of Paul; but this is opinion, not evidence. Students of the Acts will be surprised that Mr. Evans takes no notice of the enormous difficulty opposed to his hypothesis by the use of the pronouns "we" and "they" and "he" (i.e. Paul) from Acts xvi. 11 to the end. Is it conceivable that a man relating his own adventures would have spoken of a party of which he was one, now as "we" and now as "they," and again, in speaking of himself alone, would have used his own name, though on other occasions he used a pronoun which implied his absence when he must have been present. We should like also to ask the writer how he evades the force of the coincidence, that "we" disappears from the narrative at Philippi, when Paul and Silas left it, and reappears in it (xx. 6) at Philippi, where it may be inferred from various passages in St. Paul's Epistles that St. Luke remained during the seven years' interval between Paul's two visits, busied in the work of collecting alms and organizing the Church. None of Mr. Evans's probabilities appear to us to annul this implicit evidence that St. Paul was not the writer of the Acts.

Mr. Hodder's *Simon Peter* does not pretend to be a scholarly book, and it would be unfair to judge it by a high standard. He has a warm sympathy with the large humanity of the Apostle's character, he has apparently travelled in Palestine, and he has studied the English version of the Gospels; this is his equipment for his task. But, as he confesses that "about the early days of St. Peter he knows absolutely nothing," he is reduced to conjecture for a considerable portion of his narrative, and even when he gets on the sure ground of the Gospel record, he does not drop his habit of guessing, and the art of expansion is rather too liberally practised. He has, however, produced a volume which will be useful to Sunday-school teachers to read to a class tired of being taught, and which will make excellent reading in families where secular books are not allowed on Sundays.

Of writing Commentaries on the Gospels there seems to be no end. The wants, the tastes, and the capacities of readers; the opinions, studies, and methods of writers combine to produce a

number and variety of results rather bewildering to a reviewer, and rather difficult to characterize with adequate justice to the authors. Mr. Sadler, of Honiton, has contributed to the endless series three large volumes on the first two Synoptic Gospels and St. John. His studies and his sympathies would lead the reader to anticipate, to a large extent, the style of these notes. Speaking generally, they are a religious commentary rather than notes, and the writer's remarks are rather "practical" than "critical," though the references to MS. authority are numerous enough to show that criticism has been designedly subordinated to edification. What is distinctive in his treatment of notes on the Gospel is the quotation of long extracts from modern divines, his enlarged and spiritual use of practical inferences, and his tendency to symbolism, and, it is almost needless to add, his bias towards a special interpretation of words and actions. These are, of course, features of a book written less for literary than for religious ends, for seekers after spiritual truth and not for students, though students will find much to attract and inform them both in the notes and in the introductions. Mr. Sadler e.g. draws attention to an undesigned harmony between St. John and the Synoptics, where only an instance of their irreconcilable divergence had been supposed to exist. The Synoptics, as is well known, are silent about our Lord's ministry in Jerusalem at the outset of his career, on which St. John dilates; but this discrepancy, instead of being an argument for the inaccuracy of either, is a presumption of the truthfulness of both. For though the Synoptics do not mention this ministry it is required for the consistency of their narratives. How else can the deep-seated rancour of priests and Pharisees, the charge about building the Temple in three days, and the claim to be the Son of God be accounted for? All this hatred could not have been stored up against him in the last four days of his life. We have no space for other and different specimens of the author's treatment; but can recommend his book to devout and cultivated Churchmen who want to read the Gospels for instruction as well as for edification.

Dr. Davidson's contribution to the interminable literature of the Book of Job sustains the character of the well-executed series of handbooks to which it belongs. It would be difficult to mention a qualification for his task in which the author appears to be deficient. To a knowledge of Hebrew exact enough to detect the greater Aramaism of the speeches of Elihu than of the body of the poem, he adds extensive Rabbinical learning, and a study of the modern writers on his subject from Luther to Ewald. He is not afraid of the results of criticism, and he is no idolater of traditional meanings; but he reveres his subject, and respects the sympathies of his readers, so that those who differ most from his conclusions will find nothing to offend them in his style. He believes, as many other students do, that the view of this book which prevailed among the Jews and among Christian writers until the Reformation—that the narrative is historical—cannot be maintained. His own opinion is that a theory of its origin lying between the extreme views of those who consider it real history and those who assert that it is a mere literary performance is the true one—namely that it reposes on an historical tradition which the writer has made the vehicle of conveying moral instruction. There is much in it he thinks irreconcilable with the hypothesis of actual history, and pure invention in literature is hardly to be looked for so early among the Jews. Nor is the purpose of the book easier to define than the form. In Dr. Davidson's opinion, the author (whoever he was, for it is impossible to guess) offers no solution of the problem, and none can be formed unless the prologue supplies the moral that Job's sufferings were the trials of his righteousness; unless (we may add) his design is to rebuke the temper of those who thought the men on whom "the tower in Siloam fell" were special sinners, *et hoc genus omne*. With the exception of the speeches of Elihu, the editor maintains the integrity of Job as a whole, draws attention to the characteristics of the Satan of the prologue (so called here for the first time in the Bible) as contrasted with the tempter of Genesis and the Devil of the New Testament, and fixes the most probable date of the composition as about the period of the Jewish captivity. Much other interesting information we have not space to indicate, and must content ourselves with a word of commendation of the notes, which have just that blending of criticism and exegesis which attracts a student; and of the brief summaries of the argument as it goes along, which will prevent less careful readers from losing their way.

The *Christian Commonwealth* appears to have the exclusive right of publishing Dr. Maclaren's sermons, and it will probably have a sufficiently heavy venture on its hands if it keeps pace with his preaching. The present volume, the first series of "A Year's Ministry" (it is significant that sermons should be regarded as an equivalent of ministry), consists of 26 sermons and 350 pages; at the rate of only two sermons a week it is alarming to think of the results of a ministry as long as we hope Dr. Maclaren's may be. If the *Christian Commonwealth* does not exercise a wise repression, his fecundity may bias the most judicial and patient of reviewers. His first series lies under no such disadvantage, and may be described with calmness. These sermons cannot be called weak, bad, biased, prosy, vulgar, or insincere. They are exactly adapted to the middle-class congregation to which they were preached; the writer is often happy in his illustrations, and his earnest piety is evident throughout. But they are more adapted for hearing than for reading, and the occasional colloquialisms and rather frequent "my brethren," "Christian friends," and so on, might advanta-

\* *St. Paul the Author of the Acts of the Apostles and of the Third Gospel.* By Howard Heber Evans, B.A. London: Wyman & Sons. 1884.

*Simon Peter: his Life, Times, and Friends.* By Edwin Hodder. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell & Co. (Limited). 1884.

*The Gospel according to St. Matthew.* With Notes Critical and Practical. By the Rev. M. F. Sadler. London: Bell & Sons.

*The Gospel according to St. Mark.* With Notes Critical and Practical. By the Rev. M. F. Sadler. London: Bell & Sons.

*The Gospel according to St. John.* With Notes Critical and Practical. By the Rev. M. F. Sadler. London: Bell & Sons.

*The Book of Job.* Edited by A. B. Davidson, D.D., LL.D. Cambridge: University Press. 1884.

*A Year's Ministry.* By Alexander Maclaren, D.D. London: Office of the "Christian Commonwealth." 1884.

*Our Little Life.* By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1884.

*Miracles: an Argument and a Challenge.* By Samuel Cox, D.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

*Creation; or, the Biblical Cosmogony in the Light of Modern Science.* By Arnold Guyot, LL.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

*Duty and Faith.* By Julius Lloyd, M.A., Rector of St. Anne's, Manchester. Manchester and London: Joseph Heywood.



geously have been pruned down by the editor. As sermons addressed to an ordinary congregation they are above the average, but published sermons ought to have a quality in them which is not in these—i.e. originality.

It is impossible to be severe upon A. K. H. B. He gives to the public volume after volume of his artless and kindly musings, with no apparent suspicion that they are not jewels of wisdom, or of the number of men who could produce yard after yard of material of the same quality. The difference between them and him is not in the power to produce, but in the gift of silence. But his thinkings aloud, compounded of harmless gossip, personal experience, and obvious inferences, find a multitude of readers, because most people are commonplace and every one likes to see his own thoughts in print. In the present volume he has printed a series of short essays on Life and Work, on this World and the Next, and has added to them rather a thin paper on the late Mr. F. D. Maurice, in which he makes no attempt to state his philosophical, or even his theological position (except by negatives), and another on Lord Lyndhurst, in which he avoids the Martin v. Campbell controversy, and contents himself with eulogizing the charm and beauty of Lord Lyndhurst's life at home. The essays may well be recommended to those to whom life and work, with their hopes and their disappointments, their pathos and transitoriness bring no thoughts of results to themselves or others. Those who have got above the level of A. K. H. B. will not look to his latest book for reflections; but, to do him justice, he does not appear to be writing for such readers.

In his "Argument and Challenge" Dr. Cox charges the sceptical writers of the day with having shifted their ground. According to him, they no longer say that miracles are impossible, but that they are incredible. His thesis is that "the miracles of Christ become credible to us by their utter consistency with all else that the Bible contains; that they commend themselves to us as natural and inevitable features of the great story it tells"; and he includes the miracles of the Old as well as the New Testament in his defence. His challenge to sceptical men of science is, no longer to assume that the obsolete interpretations, the servile literalism, and the scientific ignorance of old defenders of the faith are all they have to answer now, but to gird themselves to reply to modern religious thought, which has weighed the objections of physical inquiry and literary criticism, and can boast of a long array of scientific names on its side. The position of the disputants on either side hinges on the definition of a law of nature. Until they define what they mean by that, the disputants are arguing on parallel lines, and while his opponents seem, or are represented, to assign too narrow a meaning to the term, Dr. Cox himself in one of his illustrations appears to us to quote as an interruption of natural law what is only an application of another law. But he is an able, modest, and candid apologist, and what he has written is likely to be useful just where he wishes it to be—i.e. among young men who are thoughtful enough to feel the weight of objections, and vain enough to think scepticism a note of intellect. A brief and vigorous essay like this might have the effect of making many such doubters think that there is possibly something to be said on the other side.

Mr. Arnold Guyot's *Creation* is another argument on the same side, but he limits his defence to what Dr. Cox calls "the great miracle." His contention is that the results of scientific inquiry are in precise accord with the processes described in the first chapter of Genesis. The curious harmony between the revelations of geology and the Genesis account of the order and succession of the various stages of organic life on the earth has long been observed, but Mr. Guyot summons the services of chemistry and astronomy to his aid as well as geology, and he knows how to make use of his allies. The chemistry of the formation of primeval rocks, and the separation and individualization by which spiral nebulae become suns, may be inferred, the author says, from the Mosaic story, and are inconsistent with any other theory of "origina" than that arrived at by all the greatest physicists—namely, that "an uncompounded, homogeneous, gaseous condition of matter must have been the beginning of the universe." Appended to the volume is a tabular statement summarizing the author's positions, in which the work of the six "cosmogonic" days, as recorded in the Bible, is set over against the inferences of physical inquiry, and in which the general coincidences are seen to be the expression of scientific laws, and to extend into spheres of being in which the harmony of history and investigation had not hitherto been suspected. Mr. Guyot has adorned and illustrated his arguments with beautifully executed little engravings of the fauna and flora of the pre-Adamite world, in which art vies with imagination, and it gives an added piquancy to this protest of a man of science that he writes not as a reverent Deist, but as an orthodox and even enthusiastic Christian. This little book will please many besides those who will welcome and agree with its conclusions.

Mr. Lloyd's *Duty and Faith* is an attempt to show that Christianity is the only moral system which supplies an adequate answer to the questions "What is right?" and "Why must I do right?" the only one, that is, which affords a complete moral code and a coercive sanction. After dismissing Egoism as a defective principle of conduct, Altruism as indefinite in its objects and weak in its motive, Utilitarianism as wanting in the ideas both of virtue and duty, and Evolution as having no momentum, no power to govern the will, he says that each of these principles finds its due

recognition in Christianity, besides the constraining force and example to inspire and regulate conduct; some of the systems discussed being deficient in motive and some demanding authoritative control to save them from excess and consequent degeneration.

#### TO ALL WHO OWN TOOL-CHESTS.\*

A BOOK is generally believed to have attained the height of popularity when it is recommended in catalogues as "one which no gentleman's library should be without." But there are works which go far beyond this in public favour. There are cookery-books which are indispensable in every kitchen, with primers and arithmetics which have been printed by millions. And it has long since occurred to us that a book might be written which should be in the possession of every colonist who wished to build a log-hut, and furnish it; of every farmer who had occasion to erect a shed or repair his home, and in fact of every man who owns tools, and wishes to exercise his constructive powers in domestic making or mending. It is, therefore, high praise when we venture to declare that *Spon's Mechanic's Own Book*, for variety of subject and carefully-considered detail, well brought up to the latest inventions or needs, is the best of its kind for this purpose. A proper critique of any work, but especially of one of a practical or technical nature, should first of all definitely inform the reader what it really contains; and the contents of this volume give us the outlines of thirty-one chapters devoted to mechanical drawing, casting, and founding, forging and finishing, soldering, sheet-metal working, carpentry, cabinet-making, carving and fretwork, upholstery, painting, graining, and marbling, staining, gilding, polishing, varnishing, mechanical movements, turning, masonry, plastering and whitewashing, roofing, glazing, bell-hanging, gas-fitting, paper-hanging, lighting (i.e. the natural or solar, as by windows, &c., with the artificial, such as candles, oil, gas, and electricity), ventilating, warming, building foundations, roads and bridges, banks, hedges, ditches, and drains, water supply and sanitation, and, finally, house construction. When we state that this is a book of 700 pages, with about 800 words to the page, it will be seen that the editors or compilers have given themselves sufficient type to treat these subjects quite fully enough for what the work professes to be—a practical handbook for the mechanic and amateur. The chapter on mechanical movements, for instance, consists of thirty-six pages of type, in addition to 431 illustrations—sufficient material for a book by itself. On carpentry and cabinet-making we have in proportion 260 pages, every one equivalent to two full ordinary duodecimo pages. As the style is condensed and clear and perfectly intelligible to any workman who can read at all, it follows that, as a great variety of the best authorities on all the subjects treated of have been carefully consulted, whatever the compilers professed to do has been practically well done. Thus the list of woods used in carpentry, with an account of their qualities, is almost exhaustive, though one could wish that, where differences of nomenclature exist between English and American workmen, they had been given; as, for instance, in deal, poplar, pine, and tulip-tree. We observe an omission in this list of the laurel, the bent branches of which are extensively used in the United States for rustic furniture. To give a clear idea of the manner in which every subject is treated, we will cite the contents of the chapter on casting and founding. This embraces in brass and bronze-work the characters of the various alloys employed; reactions of the metals on each other; mixing the metals; the effects of tempering; furnaces, their construction; means of producing draught; fuel; the ordinary cupola; the ordinary melting furnace; the circular melting furnace; the reverberatory furnace; crucibles; moulding; facing the moulds; filling the moulds; moulding in wax; castings of natural objects; casting and pouring the metal; temperature for ditto; escape of gases from the mould; ornaments in relief; cores; making bronze figures; using plaster patterns; finishing the casting; bronzing its surface; Japanese bronzes; inlaying on bronzes; the model; reproduction in wax; formation of the core; constructing the lantern; retouching the wax bust; preparing the bust before making the cope; formation of the cope; firing the block; the final casting in bronze. *Iron founding*—pattern-making; cores; shrinkage; taper; tools; crucibles; pots; moulding-flasks; packing the flasks; clamping them; casting in sand, with and without cones; casting in loam; forms of castings; examining them; shrinkage of iron castings and of their chilling. All these details are treated fairly and fully, quite enough so for the ordinary workman.

Perfection in a work of such extent is not to be attained. We could wish that "Rough Furniture" had included an account of the art of making steamed and bent-wood articles, and suggested to the emigrant how crooked growths may be utilized in making arched beams and many other useful things. There is also a very substantial kind of rough furniture, which is often pretty, made in South Germany, much easier of construction than any described in this book. It is held together entirely by tenons and pins, and may be taken apart and put together with the greatest ease. A work of this kind should also, at the present day, manifest some degree of taste in art. We do not recognize this in the assertion that "oak has little beauty for furniture-making, unless it is judiciously cut, so as to exhibit

\* *Spon's Mechanic's Own Book: a Manual for Handicraftsmen and Amateurs.* London: E. & F. Spon. 1885.

the 'champ' or silver grain." A few years ago upholsterers, inspired with the spirit which is in this remark, would have told us that pine and chestnut and all cheap or plain woods were unfit for furniture, when it would have been in better taste to have admitted that any material which is durable and works well is always good, if properly made up. The writer of such a book as this had an excellent opportunity to confer a boon on humanity by showing it how the crooked, weak-wooded, glued-together chairs of the present day should not be made, and how much inferior any kind of *meubles*, which are showy but flimsy, are to the really strong, however simple the latter may be. But the work does not profess to be æsthetic, and it may be fairly admitted that what it professes to do is well done. All honour to the shoemaker who does not go beyond his last.

#### THE HISTORY OF THE LITERATURE OF WALES.\*

WE are a little exercised by the title-page of this volume, and we should like to believe that it was the work of one of the Celtic scholars who have graduated in recent years in the great Universities of Germany, but we have an idea that the usual German diploma is not precisely Ph.D., but something more. So we acknowledge ourselves completely puzzled by Charles Wilkins Ph.D. We dip into the book and rashly conclude that our young Welshman has not made himself quite at home in the idioms of his Saxon neighbour; for we come at once across peculiar phrases which catch our attention—such, for instance, as "lingual ability" (p. 33), for what is vulgarly called the gift of the gab; "Adam's duration of punishment" (p. 56); "very marked to this," the meaning of which is a mystery to us (p. 56); "accurate knowledge was held of London" (p. 68); "the background of tutelage" (p. 80); "this opinion comports with the genius of Welsh literature, which is lyrical more than prosaic" (p. 137), and other combinations equally eccentric on almost every page. A complete collection of them would be found tedious, but we must inflict on our readers one specimen at length of the art of fine writing as practised in his most felicitous moments by Wilkins Ph.D. The following taken at random will do:—

He was a love-child, born of noble parentage under a hedge at Llandaff, his mother wedded after his own birth, his christening solemnized on her coffin! It was the practice adopted with Cambrian youth of good estate to be sent to academies in Italy, and we may assume that Dafydd, from his intimacy with the Italian language and literature, so graduated. Then, from his early youth, gay, handsome, with ample means at command, the spoiled and petted favourite of Ivor Hael, welcomed gladly at the hall of Emlyn, and at other mansions, behold him enter into life, loving all that was beautiful in nature, and chief of all, nature's masterpiece—woman. Wooing many, angered like a vexed child in not obtaining Morvydd, saddened with his rival, Bwa Bach, now beseeching her, now mourning her; now revelling in satiric contumely—such are the leading features, the key-notes.—Pp. 35, 36.

Besides other peculiarities of a very curious nature, our readers will not fail to notice one feature of this kind of English—namely, the use it makes of rollicking participles and adjectives far above admitting of being construed, just as some of the nouns recognize nought of what grammarians understand by the word case. Curiously enough, the author's style does not particularly remind us of that usually ascribed to Welshmen who have not mastered English. Then as to Latin, he has not treated us to much of that language, but in the little he gives he has "*Statuta Ecclesæ Menevensis*," and he has an idea that *tempo* is the ablative of *tempus* (p. 175); so we conclude that Latin formed no part of the severe and searching examination, the successful passing of which transformed plain Charles Wilkins into Charles Wilkins Ph.D.

Our readers will perhaps think that all this amounts to presumptuous evidence that the author is a master of the Welsh language; let us see if that be so. The place-name Myddfai is used as if meaning persons, and that in spite of its not being plural, in the sentence, "The Myddfai, in fact, were true types of the 'Old School'" (p. 5). The mutation *en phrase* of *prydydd*, poet, into *brydydd* would have prevented a Welshman who knew anything of one of the peculiarities of a Celtic language from making two persons out of Llywarch Brydydd y Moch, as Wilkins Ph.D. does (p. 34). Similarly in the case of Gruffydd Gryg, or G. the Hoarse, we believe a Welshman would call him briefly Gruffydd, but the author (p. 47) calls him Grug, just as if Charles Wilkins stripped of the doctoral appendage were familiarly reduced to Wilkins. Nor do Welshmen write *Llywyd* and *Llywydd* promiscuously as he does (p. 89), since *d* and *dd* represent very different sounds in Welsh, as he might have ascertained from any Welsh grammar; and positively no Welshman who knew his genders could write *y Garreg Llywyd* as we have it at p. 102. Lastly, we should be curious to know what a Welsh reader would make of a writer repeatedly called *Llyn. Sion* on p. 185, unless he had happened to have noticed *Llyn* on p. 15 for *Llynw*, that is to say, Llywelyn. These minor curiosities, and numberless others of the same nature, make it impossible to believe that the Welsh can claim Charles Wilkins Ph.D. as one of themselves in the sense of his knowing their language.

But let us test the translations from Welsh to English with which the volume abounds; these, in the great majority of cases, prove to be borrowed ones, though the borrower has a strong dis-

like to the use of inverted commas. He disarms the critic by the scruples to which he gives the following unostentatious utterance:—"We have always insisted that the translator should be of equal intellectual power to the author translated" (p. 43). It is the cleverest thing in the whole book; but he is no less equal to the occasion when he finds it convenient to depart from his tedious practice of retailing other men's metrical renderings, as when he introduces a prose one, at p. 71, with the remark that "a prose translation in this case will probably more accurately represent the poet." The peculiar fitness of a prose translation in the particular instance is not evident; but the author happened to have one ready for use. After a troublesome search, we come across what would appear to be a translation of his own excogitation. At p. 134 he speaks of Dafydd ap Edmund, and says:—"We give the three first verses of his ode to Rys o Fon as it appears in *Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru*, and add a literal translation." As we have found no allusion to the authorship of the translation, we take it to be the Ph.D.'s own; but that is of no consequence, as he vouches for its literalness. It is not intended to inflict on the reader a detailed examination of the author's treatment of the twelve lines of which the three englynys he cites are made up. In the first place, *Rhys o Fon* means Rhys of Anglesey; but to take *Rys* as it stands sometimes *en phrase* to be the independent form of the name, is somewhat as if one chose to speak in English of Cæsar's rather than Cæsar. This Rhys of Mona was a great man in the poet's eyes, and he calls him *Eryr gloyw ei darian*, or the eagle with the bright shield; but Dr. Charles Wilkins makes him into an "eagle-bright shield," whatever that may mean. The next verse ends with *Aur Sal im*, a *roes o'i Law*, which the Doctor prints *Aur sal ŷc.*, and renders by the words "Precious gold his hand gave me." To Welshmen *Aur sal* would be "wretched or miserable gold"; but his magic touch converts it into "precious gold." We do not profess to understand the word *sal*, but there can be no question as to the construction of the sentence being "The gold of S— gave he to me from his hand." The third englyn begins with the lines—

Llaw wir, Ion heudir, yw'n hydab, osgordd  
Ymhob ffordd botffordd Bab.

The Doctor labours under the misfortune that he can hardly ever get a bit of Welsh correctly printed, so not one of these three englynys has been accurately reproduced from the *Gorchestion*, and in the last of them the old-fashioned *s* of *osgordd* was, one might say, bound to become, as it did, an *f*, yielding a word, *ofyordd*, utterly unknown outside this volume. But the best thing still remains, and that is the inimitable translation of the lines cited, which is to the following effect:—

True bard Deity, sowing land—retinue  
In every way Potway Pope.

This translation deserves to be studied on account of its engaging simplicity; as Welsh has no case-endings, it is assumed that it has no case-relations, and the nouns are rendered just as they stand in charming apposition, except that somehow *llaw*, hand, is rendered by *bard*, as being a word of the same number of letters; it looks like an error in reading *hand* in somebody's manuscript, and as such, is very instructive as to the care taken in getting this volume through the press. But the gem of the performance is the "Potway Pope." What does Potway mean, and what a Potway Pope? Is the former "the way of pots"? We are not sure, but we are inclined to think the Doctor meant rather "the way of the Pot-house," which reminds one of another Pope of whom the story is said, that when he had finished his career on earth he knocked at the gate of Heaven, just when St. Peter happened to be particularly interested in a game of cards in which he had taken a hand at the Lodge. The celestial porter is said to have peeped out to see who it was; and finding that it was a Pope, he asked him to open for himself as he had the key; so St. Peter went on with his game of cards, and the Pope fumbled at the lock; but, failing to open the gate, he knocked again, when the porter, rather angry at being disturbed, told him to unlock the gate himself. The Pope, so goes the story, having tried again and failed, knocked a third time, which brought the porter out in a rage at this repeated annoyance in the midst of an absorbing game; he opened, however, to let the Pope in, and his curiosity led him to examine the Pope's key, when he was amused beyond measure to find that his holiness had brought the key of the cellar by mistake, and left the key of Heaven lying rusty at Rome. Charles Wilkins Ph.D. seems to have found another pope who was not a Blue Ribbon man, and the discovery ought to make his name imperishable in the Principality. We feel ashamed, after this exhibition of genius, to break in with a very prosaic rendering, which we have found elsewhere, of the words in question. This is what we guess them to mean. "The true hand of the lord of cornland, the father of Botffordd, is the escort of our confidence in every way." If the Doctor had left *Sal* alone until he found out its meaning, and corrected the *Gorchestion* version by giving *botffordd* a capital, he would have inclined us to consider his other emendations; but it is too much to expect him to have known that Botffordd was an important place in Anglesey, the island in which Rhys lived. For his information we here add a part of the article on *bod* in Morris's *Celtic Remains*:—"Bodffordd, a township or villa in the commot of Malltraeth, Anglesey (Extent of Anglesey, Edw. III.) This was a free villa containing one carucat and half of land. No rent to the prince; and only suits to the commots and hundreds, and to go to the wars at the prince's expense, and pays no relief nor amobr, and has

\* *The History of the Literature of Wales, from the year 1300 to the year 1650.* By Charles Wilkins, Ph.D. Cardiff: Owen & Co. 1884.



a mill of its own called Melin Bodffordd. This was right British liberty."

Naturally the author has a good deal to say (pp. 72-4) about Rhys Goch; but he has no business to give as a specimen of his work a poem made about a century after his time. That poem is headed in the Gorchestion, whence he copies it:—"An elegy on Griffith ab Robert Vaughan of the Boreyn, being the work of Griffith Hiraethog, a bard who lived near Hiraethog Mountain in the county of Denbigh, and flourished A.D. 1530." The heading is in Welsh in the Gorchestion, and a shorter one to the same effect appears in the table of contents prefixed to that volume; but, owing to some accident, it has in the table been classed with Rhys Goch's productions, hence this piece of blundering on the part of the would-be historian of Welsh literature. How charming it is to be able to talk glibly about Welsh poetry without taking the trouble to learn to construe even a plain passage of Welsh prose! The poem of G. Hiraethog, which the author regards as "the most ambitious production of Rhys Goch," who flourished a hundred years earlier, is the foundation of many sapient remarks on the style of Welsh poetry in the fourteenth century. We leave the reader to guess for himself the value of such remarks, and we wish only to call attention to his comment on a line in the said poem, of which he misprints the original, with somebody's translation, thus:—"Jesus took a pure ear of seed from the grain of ancient Salisbury." The Christian idea of describing the death of a good man as being nothing more or less than the plucking of a ripe ear of corn by the great Lord of the spiritual Harvest is familiar to most people in this country, but Charles Wilkins Ph.D. sees in the Welsh line something very different, and exclaims triumphantly:—"What say the opponents of Druidism to this, four hundred years prior to Lolo Morganwg?" For he finds that the poet Rhys in this poem "digresses in a reference to the blending of Christian teaching with the dogmas of old Druidic philosophy." But we have failed to find any Druidism connected with it, except that it should be written by Rhys about a century after his death; but what the author of the "Potway Pope" may not find in it there is no telling, especially if he should call in the aid of Dr. Price and the other Druids of Glamorgan. At any rate, we cannot be surprised at anything in this volume, not even Julius Cæsar's account of the Welsh prior to the days of Methodism as "a mirthful, active-minded, and volatile people" (p. 197); for such "are the impressions gained from Cæsar's Commentaries" by the author and men who, like him, talk in the same breath of Cæsar, Giraldu, and the bards. One would be tempted to ask them a few leading questions relative to dates, such as the following:—Would you think it, for example, a matter of probability, or only of presumptive evidence, that Giraldu may have talked to old Cantians, who remembered the first landing of the great Roman in Britain?

We have left ourselves no room for any general remarks; but, after the few samples which we have given of the work, we are inclined to think that our readers will not accuse us of leaving them without materials for judging for themselves of the qualifications of Charles Wilkins Ph.D. to deal with Welsh literature. As for ourselves, we do not think all that is requisite for a man who would write the history of Welsh literature is to possess a copious album of translations. In our humble opinion, he ought at least to know the language whose literature he undertakes to write about; he ought also to know enough about Welsh libraries to prevent him from making such a mistake as to state that the famous Hengwrt collection is at Llwydiarth (p. 182), and it would be well also if he were scholar enough not to speak of Dares Phrygius, without any apology, as "Dare's Phrygius" (p. 202). The book has one feature which we cannot too highly praise; it has been got up in a style which would do credit to a London firm. We only wish that the author's share in the work had been equally satisfactory.

#### A THEATRICAL DICTIONARY.\*

M. ARTHUR PUGIN'S new *Dictionnaire du Théâtre* is an admirable piece of work. It forms a handsome volume—well planned, well printed, and copiously, and now and then sumptuously, illustrated. But such faults as it has are faults of production merely. It is loosely sewn, and the text, which is printed in double columns, is so arranged about the cuts, which are many and appropriate, as to baffle the eye, and make perusal no easy matter. This said, it must be added that the book is otherwise worthy of unqualified praise. M. Pugin loves his subject as it deserves, and knows it, vast as it is, in all its details; his style is clear and expressive, his method excellent both in purpose and effect; and his achievement, whether as history or as technology, is one to be considered with the highest respect. To the student it is invaluable and indispensable. Its place is with the best upon the shelf; is with the authorities, the chosen masters—the priceless collections of M. Campardon, the *Théâtre Français* of Eugène Despois, and Moynet's admirable treatise, *L'Envers du Théâtre*, which only needs translating and adapting to English uses to be a standard work.

Oddly enough, the *Dictionnaire du Théâtre* is practically the first of its kind. There have been dictionary-makers before M. Pugin, it is true, and theatrical dictionaries before this particular

*Dictionnaire du Théâtre*. But, as M. Pugin remarks, all these essays—from that of Chamfort and Laporte to the *Curiosités Théâtrales* of M. Victor Fournel—have been "ou trop timides, ou trop incomplets, ou renfermés dans un champ trop volontairement circonscrit." In the first-named, Chamfort discusses the poetics of the subject, while Laporte amuses himself in a copious and sterile analysis of plays. In the *Dictionnaire Théâtral* of Jal and Harel, "nous tombons à peu près en pleine fantaisie, et parfois dans l'inutilité." The *Dictionnaire* of the brothers Parfait is only critical and biographical; the several contributions of "Jacques-le-Souffleur," M. Joachim Duflot, M. Victor Fournel, M. Charles Marchal, M. Alfred Bouchard, are scarcely serious in intention, and are not much more than amusing in effect. The reason is obvious. To be the author of a book of this sort it is not enough to know the stage from without. What is wanted, says M. Pugin, is some account of "le côté intime, secret, mystérieux du théâtre, celui qui échappe à l'œil du public, et qui excite précisément sa curiosité"; is some analysis of "la vie du théâtre considérée dans ce vaste espace, fermé au spectateur, qui s'étend non-seulement derrière le rideau, mais dans les coulisses, dans les dessus, dans les dessous, dans les foyers, dans les loges, dans les couloirs, dans les ateliers, dans les magasins, dans les cabinets de direction et de régie." To know thus much, he goes on to say, is given to few; for, to be so far able, "il faut avoir été à même de voir tout, d'observer tout de ses propres yeux, de façon à reproduire avec exactitude l'ensemble et les mille détails de ce travail scénique si compliqué, si délicat, si ardu, si difficile, en même temps si complètement ignoré." All this M. Pugin, alone perhaps among laymen, has done; and the result is the present work, which, with every possible reason, he hopes will be found to be "de nature à satisfaire la curiosité même des plus exigeants." He has rummaged the theatre so conscientiously and thoroughly that he has left nothing for his successors. Not only has he plucked out the heart of its mystery, he has anatomized its remotest and minutest nerves. There is not a point of it, he writes, "pas une de ses parties les plus reculées, pas un de ses recoins les plus obscurs, il n'est pas un détail du travail de chaque jour, de chaque individu, de chaque groupe spécial, qui ne soit ici décrit, mis en lumière, commenté, expliqué de la façon la plus étendue," and that "avec une connaissance certaine de la matière et une exactitude que l'on peut, je crois, considérer comme absolue." It is the same with its artistic and literary history, the theory and practice of acting, the "attribution des emplois," the "conditions matérielles et administratives des entreprises dramatiques," and all the rest of it. "J'ai fait en sorte," says our author, "de ne rien omettre, de ne rien oublier, de ne rien laisser dans l'ombre, même jusqu'aux plus petits détails, en apparence les plus insignifiants." M. Pugin's claims, it will be admitted, are considerable. The most cursory examination of his work is enough to prove that they are not at all excessive.

He begins with "Abonné" and "Abonnement"; he ends with "Zinc (avoir du)"; and in his passage through the alphabet he fully justifies the description which he is pleased to give of his work, and which, as the best and fairest, we have been pleased to quote. To give an idea of the result by means of extracts is impossible: we should have to reprint not one page, but the whole book. The utmost we can do is to note and pass on. Among the most elaborate articles is that on "Décor, Décoration," largely quoted from Moynet, and admirably illustrated by a complete series of examples—the whole and its several parts—from the noble "set" produced by M. Cambon for the second act of M. Thomas's *Hamlet*, and by a picture of M. Lavastre's fine setting of the second act of *Le Tribut de Zamora*. Another capital number—a masterpiece of condensation—is the article devoted to the Comédie Italienne, which begins with Alberto Gavazzi and Flaminio Scala, under Charles IX. and Henri III., and ends with the foundation of the Opéra Comique at the Salle Feydeau (1801); after telling you quite as much as you need to know of Domenico Locatelli and Isabella Andreini and Louis Riccoboni, of Favart and Clairval and Dugazon, of Léandre and Scaramuccia and Colombine and Fracasso, and all the heroes and heroines of its double existence, and driving the lesson home by means of pictures from Callot, Lancret, Watteau, and half a dozen artists besides. Some other important articles are "Foire (Théâtre de la)," "Opéra (Théâtre de l)," "Ballet," "Orateur," "Mise en Scène," "Guignol," "Machinistes," "Caractère," "Compliment," "Pierrot," "Sifflet (le) au Théâtre," "Prix des Places," "Entremets," and "Boulevard du Temple." In each of these the matter in hand is treated with a fulness and a perspicuity leaving nothing to desire. It is the same with such more trifles of theatrical slang as "Marier Justine," "Brûler une Ville," "Un Froid," and so forth. M. Pugin is a past master in stage slang, as he is an adept in stage customs, a professor of stage history, an artist in stage mechanics.

To analyse M. Pugin's method is not easy; it varies with his subjects, and is always appropriate and sufficient. A good example is his treatment of the mystic word "Emplois." The French are nothing if not systematic and exact. They are nowhere more exact and systematic than in their ascription of parts. M. Pugin begins with a definition, and proceeds at once to differentiate. And first of all he deals with those sorts of parts which are called after the name of a particular actor or actress—Perlet or Elleviou or Achard or Dozainville—and of which no more than four of the dozens that have had their day are now a part of the theatrical vocabulary—the Déjazets, that is, the Trials, the Dugazons, and the Laruettes. Then follows a dissertation on the parts which

\* *Dictionnaire Historique et Pittoresque du Théâtre et des Arts qui s'y rattachent*. Par Arthur Pugin. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 1885.

are known by the names not of those who played them best, but of the *dramatis personæ* themselves—the Mascarilles and Crispins, the Colins and Margôts and Sganarelles, which make up the *personnel* of a most important section of French opera and French drama; with a digression concerning those which took their name from some particular touch of costume, such as the “ *rôles à baguettes*”—the opera queens—the “ *rôles à corset*”—the village maidens in comic opera—the  *rôles à manteau*—or “heavy leads” and “*pères de comédie*” of the old repertory. This important paragraph is elucidated by a statement in detail of the functions of the ladies and gentlemen composing the stock company—for tragedy, comedy, opera, and vaudeville—which adorned the theatre at Nantes in the year of grace 1829 of the Christian era. Of the operative element we shall say nothing. The department of “Comedy and Tragedy” is enough for our purpose. It was served by full five-and-twenty artists, commanded, dominated, topped, by the illustrious (and forgotten) Mainvielle, “*premier rôle en tout genre*.” Under this royal creature are a “*jeunes premiers*”; a “*troisièmes amoureux*”; a “*seconds amoureux*”; a “*grands raisonneurs*,” also qualified to do duty in “*les pères nobles en tout genre, les pères non chantants et rôles de convenance dans le vaudeville*”; a player equal to all the demands, in whatever sense, made on the intellect by the “*troisièmes rôles*”; another who combines the attributes of “*financiers, manteaux, grimes, et comiques*,” together with those of “*les Bernard-Léon, les Lepeintre-ainé, et autres rôles annexes dans le vaudeville*”; a third (his name, by the way, is Regnier), to whom is the kingdom of the “*premiers comiques en tout genre et les Poisson*”; a “*seconds comiques*”; a “*paysans, seconds pères, et grimes*,” &c.; another, ditto, ditto; a “ *rôles de convention en tout genre*”; three “*utilities*”; together with, of ladies, a “*grandes coquettes*,” and “*premiers rôles en tout genre*”; a “*jeunes premières*,” and “*ingénuités*”; a “*seconds amoureux*”; a “*troisièmes amoureux*”; a “*soubrettes en tout genre, comédie, drame, et vaudeville*”; a “*caractères et mères nobles*”; a “*mères nobles*” pure and simple; and a single “*utility merchant*,” a certain Mme. Dardenne. It is to be noted that this tremendous galaxy of capacities in comedy and drama is backed by one at least as imposing in the domain of opera; and that the two together represent the potentialities of entertainment possessed, not by the citizens of Paris, but by those of the good town of Nantes. In M. Pougin's Dictionary this gorgeous array is succeeded by a plain statement of the present state of matters as recognized in Paris and the provinces both. In opera, it appears, there are twelve legitimate parts; in opera-comique, fourteen; and in comedy and drama, twenty. In Paris, says our author, “*où les troupes sont nombreuses, et où le même emploi a toujours plusieurs titulaires, ces emplois offrent moins de précision et plus de flexibilité qu'en province*.” And he rounds off his article by enumerating the eighteen several functions—ten in comedy, eight in tragedy—which were recognized at the Théâtre Français of Talma and Raucourt—the Théâtre Français some sixty years since. All are well and fully described in particular, each under its own peculiar rubric; so that it is not assuredly M. Pougin's fault if we persist in knowing as little of the niceties of the French stage as we do of those of our own.

## LAW BOOKS.\*

MR. TURNER has done very well to reprint these lectures. They contain a great deal of valuable instruction with reference to the leading business and social transactions in the conduct of which the intervention and assistance of a solicitor is generally invoked, and this instruction is conveyed in a practical minute manner very different from the dull, bare technicalities of ordinary text-books. Mr. Turner does not confine himself to saying what things are to be done; but he demonstrates how to do them. He has, moreover, retained the lecture form so far as possible, and a very pleasant lecturer he must be, apt in illustration, clear in expression, genial and attractive without ever descending to flippancy. Of course the scope of a course of lectures cannot embrace a very extensive field of law. No one, therefore, must turn to this book as a complete repository of the whole duty of a solicitor. It forms, in fact, a pendant to a former work by the same author in which he dealt with “*Sales, purchases, and mortgages of land*,” which accounts for the omission from the present work of any mention of these particular and important subjects. Nor does Mr. Turner touch at all upon litigious business. And in this, again, we think he is right. The intricacies of practice are entirely unsuitable as the subject of a lecture, and any attempted explanation of them by word of mouth is apt to go in at one ear and out at the other. A knowledge of practice can only be gained by actual contact with actions in course of progress. Moreover, standard manuals of practice and procedure exist which are just as available

for the solicitor as the barrister, and which it would have been lost labour for Mr. Turner to have sought to reproduce or incorporate in whole or in part. But the feature of this book which has most struck us as worthy of high praise is the very elevated tone and view of their professional duties and opportunities which Mr. Turner seeks to inculcate in his hearers and solicitors in general. He recognizes that solicitors, in common with doctors and clergymen, enjoy occasional facilities for guiding the minds of their clients, not only through the mazes of legal difficulty, but into a course dictated by justice, honour, and good feeling. Any one who knows the influence exercised by a family solicitor of acknowledged position knows that this is so, and will appreciate the wisdom and uprightness of such injunctions as the following, which occurs at p. 158, in relation to marriage settlements:—

I am speaking, remember, of the many cases in which a solicitor does in fact exercise an important influence in the matter. He may of course have no option but to carry out instructions which are at variance with his own personal views; his opinion may be overruled or may not even be asked for, and it is an old saying, available of course as a rule of conduct only up to the point at which self-respect makes its appearance, that a client is always right. But, on the other hand, the solicitor's advice may be and often is, not only invited, but implicitly followed, and where this is the case I would impress upon you that zeal for your client's interests should, like everything else, have limits founded on justice and right feeling, and that your duty does not, and never can, demand of you that you should voluntarily outstrip those limits.

No less wisdom and shrewd honesty characterizes many of Mr. Turner's suggestions with respect to the practical moral duty of the solicitor who is called upon to draw a will and thus has the opportunity of guiding the testator's beneficence into the proper channels. Altogether, we consider Mr. Turner's book most admirably adapted to the end it has in view—namely, to heighten the standard both of business capacity and of morality in that branch of the legal profession to which he addresses himself.

In selecting the law of negligence as the subject for a book, Mr. Smith precluded himself from the possibility of saying anything very new, inasmuch as this branch of the law has been incidentally and with more or less fulness treated by every writer who has addressed himself to the question of torts—that is to say, grounds of action arising otherwise than from contracts. Still, by dint of careful arrangement and lucid exposition Mr. Smith has won the honour of a second edition, and inasmuch as the cases of negligence coming before the Courts are infinitely numerous and various, and the doctrines of law relating thereto are constantly being modified or expanded, the latest book on the subject is always useful, provided only it be brought up to date in the matter of authorities. Mr. Smith starts with a theory that all negligence is divisible into neglect of duties requiring ordinary care, neglect of duties requiring skill or more than ordinary care, and the neglect of duties requiring less than ordinary care, and on this division he bases the arrangement of his work. The idea is a laudable one, inasmuch as a rational classification of the law of negligence has hitherto been wanting, the usual method being to class the various cases of negligence according to the position or relationship of the parties, which is obviously illogical; but Mr. Smith's classification seems to fail by reason of the absence of any recognized standard of what is ordinary care, an absence which his own book somewhat fails to supply. Still, one knows pretty well what to look for under the several headings, and the treatment is uniformly good, though we observe rather too great a tendency to reproduce long passages from reported judgments. The chapters dealing with the Employers' Liability Act are very full and useful.

In *Leading Cases on the Law of Torts* Mr. Ball apparently seeks to rival the works of Smith and White and Tudor. We cannot say we consider his effort altogether successful. The cases he reproduces include many which cannot fairly be regarded as “leading cases,” and he seems to be impressed with the idea that age entitles cases to an amount of authority which they would not otherwise possess. There are plenty of modern cases now available for the purposes of a new selection of leading cases in which principles are just as well enunciated as in the old, and in which, the procedure being more modern, these principles are not obscured by effete and perplexing technicalities. Mr. Ball follows the example of his prototypes in supplementing his leading cases by notes incorporating the later authorities, and this part of his work is certainly well done.

Messrs. Everest and Strode in *The Law of Estoppel* deal with a subject which has unquestionably not previously received sufficient attention, probably on account of its somewhat uninteresting character. It is, nevertheless, one of great importance—an importance enhanced by the recognition and expansion in later times of the doctrine of equitable estoppel, which prohibits a man who by words, actions, or standing by has induced another to adopt a certain course from afterwards taking advantage of the misapprehension induced by his own conduct. How important the subject of this work really is may be gathered from the declaration of Lord Bramwell, quoted by the authors at p. 16, where, speaking of estoppels, his lordship says:—“I do not know how the business of life could go on unless the law recognized their existence.”

The present book appears very well carried out, especially in its treatment of matters which afford invariable difficulty to the lawyer—namely, judgments in rem, a term which is often freely bandied about in argument, but by no means generally or rightly understood. The range of the doctrine of estoppel extends over a very large field of law; but the authors have been

\* *The Duties of Solicitor to Client as to Partnership Agreements, Leases, Settlements, and Wills.* By Edward F. Turner, Solicitor. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

*A Treatise on the Law of Negligence.* By Horace Smith, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

*Leading Cases on the Law of Torts.* By W. E. Ball, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

*The Law of Estoppel.* By L. F. Everest and E. Strode, Barristers-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

*A Code of Contract Law relating to Sales of Goods of the value of 10l. and upwards.* By H. J. Parrington, Solicitor. London: Waterlow & Sons, Limited.



praiseworthy and successful in limiting their remarks on the general law to stating just so much as is essential for the comprehension of their immediate subject and in avoiding the introduction of discursive or extraneous matter.

The last book on our list is a very modest volume, professing to be a code of Contract Law; and, while one is wondering by what process of compression so small a book can contain so large a subject, one discovers under the title, in much smaller type, the words "relating to the Sales of Goods of the value of 10*l.* and upwards"—a limitation which considerably reduces the scope of the work. The justification assigned for the diminutive and somewhat elementary nature of the book is that it is "a handbook for the use of professional and business men"; and, as such, it may be useful, although in legal matters, perhaps more than any others, it is true that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. A professional or business man who endeavours, even with the aid of Mr. Parrington's manual, to be his own lawyer will probably find such a course eventually turn out bad economy. Still, the book is good in its way, and its propositions appear generally correct, albeit the selection of cases might be revised and modernized with advantage.

#### EPHING FOREST.\*

MR. BUXTON has rendered a great service to the public in general, and to Londoners in particular, in preparing a book which must henceforth take the first place among the guides to Epping Forest. Nothing which intimate personal knowledge of the locality and affection for it can give is wanting in this book. The directions accompanying the maps are clear and precise; holiday-makers armed with Mr. Buxton's book, even without the shilling pocket-compass which with characteristic thoughtfulness the author has arranged that they shall be able to buy at Messrs. Negretti & Zambra's, cannot fail to find their way easily from point to point within the Forest; for, in addition to excellent maps on the scale of three inches to the mile, he has given them a table showing the direction of the sun at each hour during each month of the year; he has drawn their attention to the chief landmarks in the Forest, and has even used his authority as a Verderer to provide an appendix to his book, for he has had the distinguishing initial of each of the several routes he describes cut on the barks of some of the trees upon it. It may be feared that this will encourage a pernicious cockney habit; but it illustrates the zeal with which Mr. Buxton has availed himself of every means to make his book a thoroughly efficient guide. The minute care expended upon the book is also illustrated by the warning Mr. Buxton gives his readers that, in order to remain dryshod, certain attractive excursions must only be undertaken in summer weather, and also that the views over the Forest can be best seen during the prevalence of east wind. The south and west winds bring London smoke with them, and often shut out the fairest distant views. A glance at the maps is sufficient to show any one who is a lover of forests that Mr. Buxton is a guide who can with safety be relied on; for the red lines which mark his routes most judiciously avoid the yellow lines which show the hard gravel roads. No forest can be seen from the roads which run through it, and the chief thing a pedestrian wishes to know about the roads is how to avoid them. The guide is beautifully illustrated with etchings and engravings, which add materially to its usefulness and beauty.

It must not be supposed that the Chairman of the London School Board has made his book nothing more than a topographical guide to the Forest. The first part is devoted to a history of the Forest and the way in which it has, by a series of fortunate chances, combined with much hard work and hard fighting, been preserved to the public for ever as one of the great national playgrounds. The first period of Forest history was one in which the rights of the Crown were kept up, in order to preserve to the Sovereign a hunting-ground "for his princely delight." The forests of Waltham (of which Epping is now the remnant) and Windsor were specially valued for this purpose on account of their proximity to the principal royal residences. This period may be taken to extend from the time of the Norman kings, or even earlier, down to the end of the last century. The royal forests suffered somewhat during the times of the Stuarts. Charles I. endeavoured to make money out of them by extorting fines from those who held lands within their boundaries. He gave the New Forest as security to his creditors, and was otherwise responsible for a good deal of injury that was done there; because no salaries to the woodmen and other servants were paid, they were, therefore, compelled to pay themselves by taking timber. Charles II. did his quota of mischief to the forests, too, after his kind, for he bestowed some of the young woods upon his maids of honour. It was well for the royal forests when the Stuart kings gave place to William III. In his reign Evelyn did much both in Epping and in the New Forest to repair the damage done, or allowed to be done, by the Stuarts. And from this time down to the end of the eighteenth century the forests suffered no more disasters. It is rather astonishing, a quarter of a century after Mr. Wise's very exhaustive History of the New Forest has been written, that Mr. Buxton falls into the error, exposed by Mr. Wise, of supposing that in the formation of the New Forest a great area of cultivated land was laid waste and

the greater part of the county of Hants depopulated. Mr. Wise's elaborate comparison between the entries in *Doomsday* and in the earlier survey made in the time of Edward the Confessor shows that the manors, the mills, the fisheries, and the salterns were undisturbed after the afforestation, that they kept up their value and in some cases even increased it. He also shows that there was no diminution in population; the churches of Boldre and Hordle were built immediately after the afforestation, and it is not very probable that new churches would have been built in a depopulated region. Moreover, the only two churches within the Forest area mentioned in *Doomsday*, Milford and Brockenhurst, are standing still, and prove by their Norman work that they must have been standing at the time when the supposed devastation was accomplished. Whatever the faults of the Conqueror may have been, he must in justice be absolved from the crimes until recently imputed to him in the formation of the New Forest; here, as at Waltham, the wastes and woods—i.e. unenclosed, uncultivated land, were afforested or appropriated by the king as hunting ground. William the Conqueror has had to pay the penalty of offending the fourth estate. He was not distinguished for sweet reasonableness in his dealings with the clergy, and as all the history of the time was written by them, they not unnaturally took their revenge. Even when the chronicler is not recording deeds of blood and pillage, a perhaps unconscious irony runs through his references to William I.; the well-known expression may be instanced "He loved the great Game as if he had been their Father"—i.e. he hunted them to death.

With the nineteenth century began what Mr. Buxton very properly calls the period of spoliation, when every one connected with the Forest except the despoiled commoners seemed to vie with one another in acts either of personal greed or of wanton destruction. Lords of manors induced commoners to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage; the Office of Woods deliberately and avowedly did everything in their power to reduce the value of the rights of fuel and pasture possessed by the commoners, in order to be able to buy up those rights for an insignificant sum. In Epping, Fairlop Oak and other historic trees were torn up by the roots; in the New Forest Sloden Yews were destroyed, and magnificent beeches, the pride of the country-side, were cut down and sold for firewood at 3*d.* a foot. Half of the precious 6,000 acres of Epping was inclosed and partly built upon between 1850 and 1870; and in the latter year Mr. Gladstone's Government, in its zeal for economy, proposed to sell the crown rights over the remainder of the Forest for 18,630*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.* If this had been permitted by the House of Commons, great encouragement would have been given to the work of inclosure; lords of manors would only have had the commoners to deal with in each case, and as the commoners were, as a class, poor, they would not generally have been able to resist inclosures even when illegally made, and still less would they have been able in many cases to resist the temptation of selling their rights for small sums of money. It was about this time that the Commons Preservation Society began to make a strong stand in and out of Parliament against further destruction of the few remaining English forests. One main difficulty in the case of Epping was to find a *locus standi* to fight the encroachers. The public, as such, had no rights. The only means of resisting inclosures was to find a commoner sufficiently pugnacious and public-spirited to uphold his rights. At Epping such a man was found in the person of a labourer, named Willingale. He insisted on his right of lopping branches of trees in Loughton Manor; his act was in the first instance treated as a theft, and he was imprisoned. However, through the timely aid of the Commons' Preservation Society, he appealed; and the case, which lasted several years and was never finally decided, raised the question of the legal rights of commoners to fuel and pasture on the several manors. The chief gain to the public from Willingale's case was that the preservers of the Forest gained time, for no further inclosures were allowed pending the decision of the judges. However, the issue was still more than doubtful, for Mr. Gladstone's Government seemed persuaded that their duty was to encourage inclosure to the utmost, and to weaken and minimize the commoners' rights. Mr. Ayrton then reigned as Chief Commissioner of Works, and he introduced a Bill into the House of Commons making over absolutely to the lords of the manors in Epping Forest 5,000 acres, graciously bestowing upon the commoners a paltry 600, with permission to purchase 400 more at its full market value. Happily the Bill met with a vigorous resistance below the gangway on the Liberal side. This was in the pre-Caucus era, and unofficial Liberals were to be found bold enough to fight a Liberal Government. The Bill was abandoned as soon as the Government found they must choose between dropping it and being defeated upon it. The Willingale case had in the meantime nearly exhausted the funds at the disposal of the Commons' Preservation Society, when by a most fortunate accident the heat and burden of the day was found to be transferable to the broad shoulders of the Corporation of London. As owners of a cemetery at Wanstead the Corporation possessed common rights, and they wisely and generously decided to fight the battle for the maintenance of these rights and those of the other commoners. The result is well known, but it is so pleasing that it cannot be too often recalled; for the lords of manors were not only forbidden to make further inclosures, but they were actually compelled to restore to the commoners and the public the land which they had illegally appropriated. This victory, preluded by a legal contest lasting over fifteen years, introduced the third period of Forest history which may, it is hoped, be called the

\* *Epping Forest*. By Edward North Buxton, Verderer. London: Edward Stanford. 1884.

period of security, for the Act of Parliament which was passed in 1878 provides that the Forest is to remain "for ever" as an open space for recreation and enjoyment.

Mr. Buxton points out the important bearing of the introduction of Free-trade as affecting the question of open spaces in England. So long as the food of the English people had to be in the main produced in England, it was in the public interest to encourage the inclosure and cultivation of waste lands. But, now that our food supplies are drawn from every quarter of the world, the best use to which our forests and commons can be put is to keep them "for ever" in their wild state for the recreation and enjoyment of the people. We can import wheat, but we cannot import fresh air and breezy commons.

The third section of Mr. Buxton's book is devoted to a short but graphic account of the various objects of antiquarian and historical interest within the Forest; the fourth deals with the flora and fauna. Without being hypercritical of Mr. Buxton's careful work, it may be pointed out that the Londoner's friend, "creeping jenny," is not, as it should be, included in his flora of Epping Forest—unless, indeed, it is disguised under a more learned name than the one by which it is known in every London area and back-yard. The site of old Wanstead House recalls the services of Evelyn in the replanting of the Forest, and the escapades of Long Tynney Wellesley Long Pole, better remembered by the line in *Rejected Addresses* than as the spendthrift elder brother of the great Duke of Wellington. Waltham Abbey once contained the tomb of Harold, with the inscription "Haroldus Infelix"; but the stone disappeared in the period when restorers were not kept in check by Mr. William Morris and his friends. Mr. Buxton uses the word "sanctuary" in speaking of Waltham Abbey in rather a vague way. He says (p. 68), "A sanctuary of some sort stood here from very early times"—from which it does not appear whether he simply means a church, or whether he means that the right of sanctuary was connected with the Abbey. Waltham is not mentioned as one of the churches possessing the privilege of sanctuary in the list given in the tract in the *Archeologia* by the Rev. Samuel Pegge. If Mr. Buxton has reasons for believing it should have been included, a statement of them would have been an interesting addition to his book. A charming account is given of Greensted Church, the nave of which, dating from the Saxon period, is entirely built of solid trunks of oak trees; the interior surface is made flat, but on the exterior the round holes of the trees are left rough, and are believed to have stood more than a thousand years. This church is dedicated to St. Edmund, whose body remained there one night on its way to its final resting-place, Bury St. Edmunds. Mr. Buxton has two very pretty stories to tell of the Martyr-King, one of which is specially commended to lovers of the marvellous. In 1848 Greensted Church was repaired, and at the time when some of the trees of which its walls are built lay on the ground, the ancient oak-tree at Eye, in Suffolk, which tradition had always associated with the martyrdom of St. Edmund, fell also to the ground; on being cut up, a stone arrow-head was found within it, more than a foot from the surface, and it was asserted that the annual rings of growth in the tree showed that the arrow-head must have struck it more than a thousand years ago! This may be true or only *ben trovato*; but pretty stories are not very common in East Anglia, and this one deserved to be remembered.

#### RECENT MUSIC.

THE collection of part songs and choruses for three or four female voices, published by Mr. William Czerny, entitled "Ladies' Choruses," have now nearly reached the end of the fifth series. The numbers before us include arrangements of well-known songs and choruses by Handel, Schumann, and Flotow, and two new ones by Mr. G. Money and Mr. E. P. Cockram, entitled respectively "Loving for Ever" and "Saturday Night," both pleasing specimens of modern part songs, though many may consider the words of the latter more fit for a nursery-song book than for a chorus. The words given to Schumann's music in "Home for the Holidays" are supplied by an author who tells us that "To love and to cherish with youth should begin, For hatred is counted an awful big sin"—a statement perhaps more forcible than elegant, but which we suppose cannot be gainsaid. From the same publishers we have received "Crucifix," a sacred song by M. J. Faure, with accompaniments for violin, violoncello, and harmonium. Those who are not already acquainted with this fine song will find that their time will not be wasted in giving it the study it deserves. "Repose," a sketch for violin or violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, is a very graceful production from the pen of that versatile composer, Mr. Berthold Tours, and will be welcomed by those amateurs who are in search of effective and not over-difficult pieces for these instruments. A further batch of songs from Mr. William Czerny, contains "Mai tout en fleurs," a very charming setting of Victor Hugo's words by M. Edouard Marlois, and a taking ballad from the same composer, entitled "Flowers beyond the Stars"; a graceful Tyrolienne, with violin or flute accompaniment, "Birds of Balmey Woodlands," by Mr. J. B. Wekerlin, and "Saturday Night," by Mr. E. P. Cockram, which we have already noticed as a part song. "In the Morning," by Herr Nicolai von Wilm, is a telling piece for the pianoforte, and "Viola," Danse gracieuse, by Herr Max Schröter, and "Valse des Sourires," by Herr G. Backmann, are both very effective mor-

ceaux de salon; while "Canzona," of Joachim Raff, transcribed by Herr Oscar Wagner, will be welcomed by many in its new form.

Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co. have sent us two songs, differing widely in character, but each of them good in its way. M. Ch. Gounod's setting of Lord Tennyson's words "Ring out, wild bells," is another contribution from the hand of the great composer to his series of Christmas songs, of which it is enough to say that the music is worthy of the beautiful words to which it is set. To descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, Miss E. Josephine Troup has, with much success, made musical the interesting conversation recorded by Mr. Edward Lear between "Mister Daddy Longlegs and Mr. Floppy Fly," in which we are told that "One never more could go to Court, Because his legs have grown too short. The other cannot sing a song, Because his legs have grown too long," reasons which are doubtless as good as can be found to account for the respective failures. The same publishers send us also the Fourth Tarantella, by Mr. Walter Macfarren, a brilliant piece of pianoforte music, which will repay study. "Puck," by Mr. W. Chalmers Masters (Messrs. J. B. Cramer & Co.), is the work of a careful musician, and will be found to be a sprightly fairy caprice for the pianoforte, and a very pleasing and artistic production.

From Messrs. J. & W. Chester, of Brighton, we have two songs by Herr B. Lütgen, entitled "May Breezes" and "Call me over the Mountains, Love," both charming songs, of which we may say that the former is perhaps more to our taste than the latter; and "The Daisy," by Mr. Frank Austin, a pleasing ballad upon a humble subject. Of pianoforte music from these publishers we have "Le Tambourin," "Deuxième Mazurka," and "Souvenir d'un Bal," from the pen of the popular composer M. Henri Logé, all effective morceaux de salon; "The Minstrel's Harp," a brilliant piece, by Mr. Farley Newman; a clever and characteristic "Mazurka," by Herr Otto Schweizer; a vivacious "Jeu d'Esprit," in polka form, by Mr. H. C. Burnham; and a "Valse de Salon," by Mr. Frank Austin. "Delizia" waltzes, by Mr. A. A. Home, and "La Jeunesse Polka," by Aigrette, are pretty pieces of dance-music. "Parting Words," by Mr. Alfred H. Digby (Weekes & Co.), is an effective drawing-room song of considerable merit.

The fifth book of "The Vesper Voluntaries," by Mr. Arthur J. Greenish, comes to us from Messrs. Orsborn & Tuckwood. They are a set of short pieces suitable for the organ, harmonium, or American organ, which will be found very useful for the purpose for which they are written, devoid of any extraordinary difficulty, melodious, and artistic. Signor Ciro Pinsuti's "Unseen Singers" is another of those graceful songs which he has the happy faculty of producing; and Mr. Berthold Tours's "At Prayers" and "The Orphan's Prayer," though somewhat serious, are both worthy of this popular composer's hand. "The Realm of Bliss," by Mr. Arthur Briscoe, appears, according to the title-page, to have been "sung with applause" by some dozen singers, and requires no further commendation from us; and Mr. Vernon Rey's two songs, "Only a Memory" and "Siesie," are ballads of merit above the average; while "Doctor Flynn," by Mr. J. E. Webster, sets forth the Doctor's courtship with "Widow Brown," which, though perhaps somewhat vulgar, is comic, and will please those who like this sort of thing. Signor E. Boggetti has written an "Intermezzo" of much interest, and has made a transcription of Mr. Vernon Rey's song, "Rub-a-dub-dub," for the pianoforte, with some success; and M. Henri Stanislaus has given us a picture of "Glistening Waves" in a brilliant and effective style. "Cœur Fidèle Valse," by Mr. Fabian Rose, and "Couleur de Rose" Valse, by Mr. E. Drevinski, complete Messrs. Orsborn & Tuckwood's budget.

A song of more than ordinary merit is "Left," by Mr. R. J. Thompson, published by Mr. C. Jeffreys, who sends also "Clytie Waltz," by Miss May Ostlere, and "The Foot Warmer Polka," by Mr. R. J. Thompson.

A caprice impromptu, by M. Jules Phillipot (Messrs. A. Hammond & Co.), entitled "La Péri," deserves mention as an artistic work of considerable originality, and Herr Ch. Neustedt's two pieces, "La Caresante" and "Manon," are both good specimens of this prolific writer's work; while "Dado Dance," by Mr. H. Elliot Lath, which is termed "Entr'acte caprice," is a graceful production in gavotte measure. Mr. E. H. Prout's "Elsie Waltzes" from the same publisher are good dance music. Messrs. E. Ascherberger & Co. send us "The Polly" Quadrille, Lancers, and Waltz on airs from Mr. E. Solomon's comic opera of that name.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

DR. FÖRSTER'S publication of the famous French sermons of St. Bernard (1) puts them for the first time in a full and exact edition into the hands of students of old French. As is known to such students, the literary interest of these sermons turns to a great extent, if not wholly, on the question whether they are original or translated. And here Herr Förster has not much to add to the arguments which numerous authorities, from Mabillon to Herr Kutschera, have already handled and rehandled. It is needless to say that the date of the actual manuscript does not settle the question, inasmuch as even if the Saint had written in French, this particular manuscript need not be anything but a

(1) *Li Sermon Saint Berhart*. Zum ersten mal vollständig herausgegeben von Wendelin Förster. Erlangen: Deichert.



copy. The truth is that the whole thing is a question much more for an expert literary critic than for a learned palæographer or philologist, for the simple reason that it is in the end a question whether a given French text is more likely to be translated from a given Latin text, or *vice versa*. We shall own that the chief argument of the anti-Gallicans—that the French is rude and clumsy and often apparently a mistranslation of the somewhat polished and scholarly Latin—does not seem to us conclusive. Profane learning was not St. Bernard's strong point, and a devout scholar might as conceivably beautify his French in Latin as an unscholarly devotee would barbarize his Latin in French. But, as we have said, the debate seems to be of those which are not easily decided. The possession of a good text of the French which is pretty certainly not younger than the end of the twelfth century is a thing the goodness of which admits of no debate.

It is somewhat noteworthy that while it is usual to think and speak of France as a country given up to Materialism, the supply of monographs on ethical and philosophical points is constant there, and these monographs themselves show considerable power. M. Lévy-Bruhl's (2) deserves honourable mention among these, though perhaps specialist critics of more than one school might say that he is still in the bonds of the common-sense philosophy of sixty or a hundred years since.

*Sedan; les derniers coups de feu* (3) is a useful little pamphlet of a kind which, if it became common, would simplify the writing of military history not a little. It gives the performances and experiences of a single corps, the fourth battalion of the 64th Regiment, which (in course of proceedings in themselves sufficient to show the appalling state of confusion in which the French were) became for the nonce the third battalion of the third *régiment de marche*. The author's name is not given, but the sources are stated to be the papers of the officer commanding the battalion. It has no great interest for the general reader, but deserves notice as a valuable document of its kind.

The good people who are always telling us of our inferiorities rejoice greatly in a dictum of Mr. Matthew Arnold's as to the superiority of French "literary journeywork" to English. It will be well, then, for English Specialists to learn how to begin their correspondence from M. Paul Bourde (4). "La terre a disparu," says M. Paul Bourde, "adieu, patrie! Me voilà encore une fois hors de France, libre de tous les liens de l'habitude, encore une fois sur la mer sans bornes, &c." "J'aurais aimé voir de grandes choses: si j'avais pu choisir mon temps, j'aurais vécu au milieu de la gloire, &c." Let us hasten to say, however, that we have not the slightest intention of trying to raise a laugh at M. Paul Bourde. He does his journeywork very well and in the way of his country. We think we like the way of our country as it used to be better, though even with us "Specials" are beginning to be magniloquent. In French M. Bourde's way is quite natural and very well done, and he writes with good sense and good taste about matters where it is extremely easy at the present moment for both Englishmen and Frenchmen to show neither one nor the other.

Captain Blanc's Algerian reminiscences (5) go back to the palmy days, from the military point of view, of Louis Philippe, the days of the hero of the *conquête*, of the capture of the Smala, and all the rest of it. The book is a lively *pot-pourri* of anecdotes and history, personal stories and military observations, and its sub-title (or, to be very accurate, its *sur-title*) of "types militaires d'autan" describes it very fairly.

We must mention the February *Livre* for a useful and interesting article on the illustrations of the original editions of Molière, written by M. Ch. Livet, and adorned with examples of its subjects.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN the course of a biographical sketch of Count Moltke prefixed to her translation of his *Poland: an Historical Essay* (Chapman & Hall), Miss Buchheim judiciously observes that "It is impossible to say with absolute certainty what path a man might have followed had the circumstances that directed his life been different"; and then she concludes that, looking at the Count's works, "the laurels which he won as a soldier might have been won as a writer." It would be rash to assert that Count Moltke would ever have written a literary work equivalent to his campaign in Eastern France; but this treatise certainly shows him to possess the qualities of a clear-headed, careful, and sagacious writer of history. It was composed in 1828-31, when the Count, then a young lieutenant, was engaged in surveying Silesia and Posen. He profited by his leisure to study the history of Poland, and produced his treatise at Berlin in 1832. It remained long unknown; but a second edition appeared when his fame had been established by his brilliant services in the field. It was well worth republishing on its own merits. Count Moltke examines the nature of the ancient Polish Government and the causes which led to its downfall and dismemberment with good sense and obvious impartiality. As far as his treatise shows any personal feeling, it proves that in 1832 Count Moltke was a sane Liberal of the old Whig type, and that he felt some sympathy with Poland and a genuine pity for

its sufferings. At the same time the instincts of a man of order and governing faculty showed him clearly that the so-called liberties of Poland were only anarchy under another name, and could produce nothing but ruin. After reading his account of the century which preceded the first partition, we should imagine the most ardent friend of freedom would arrive at the conclusion that the sooner such a miserable welter of folly and selfishness was pulled into order by somebody the better. At the end Count Moltke gives a few chapters on the measures of reform, or at least of government, enforced by Austria in Galicia, and by Prussia in Posen. He has also some interesting details of the position of the Jews in the country half a century ago. Miss Buchheim's translation must, we think, be at times inaccurate, for it contains some confused phrases, and here and there a touch of pretension, which we hesitate to believe can represent anything in Count Moltke's German. It has, however, the merit of being free from foreign idioms. The printer, and not the author or translator, is doubtless responsible for the obviously inaccurate statement that Stanislas Poniatowski became King of Poland in 1704.

Mr. Lawrence Saunders's biographical sketch of *Robert Boyle, Inventor and Philanthropist* (Gilbert Wood), deserves recommendation because it contains a charming instance of the natural desire of man to make the best of both worlds. Mr. Boyle invented a ventilator which was adopted by a certain church in Brighton, and he soon had the pleasure of learning that "medical men recommend their patients to attend this church because of the purity of its atmosphere." A choice of church under medical advice is indeed a triumph of wisdom. Mr. Saunders's "biographical sketch" is not a biography at all, but a series of notes on Mr. Boyle's labours as an inventor, which seem to have been either devoted to ventilation or explosives. Which of his two favourite subjects did most to gain him his reputation as a philanthropist we are not told.

A *Mark Twain's Birthday Book* (Remington & Co.) is rather to be recommended as a proof of the strength of a fashion than for its own merits. Mr. Twain does not show to advantage when quoted in lines. What, for instance, would be the feelings of the lady or gentleman called on to inscribe their names on the 26th of September opposite the words "A mere wreck and ruin of chaotic rags"? Duels have been fought for less.

We have to notice a new edition of *More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) It is convenient in size and clearly printed.

The translation of M. Duruy's *History of Rome* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), which is described on the title-page as being edited by the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, and compiled and arranged by Kelly & Co., has reached the third volume. This volume is bound in two parts, and contains the period covered by the lives of Julius and Octavius Cæsar.

We have to note the appearance of the *Law List* for 1885 (Stevens & Sons), and of *Abbott's Stock and Share Almanac* for the same year (Abbott & Co.)

Mr. T. H. S. Escott has published a "new and revised edition" of his *England* (Chapman & Hall). It is, says the editor, changed, yet the same. The last addition to Morley's Universal Library is *Hobbes's Leviathan* (Routledge & Sons). The result of this attempt to put a large work into a small space, and to do it cheap, has been the production of a book which nobody with the slightest respect for his eyes will try and read. We have received the *Ninth Annual Report of Mrs. Spurgeon's Rook Fund and its Work* (London: Passmore & Alabaster), and a third edition of *The Political Summary* of the present reign (E. W. Allen) — a redistribution map has been added.

The useful and pretty reprints of separate plays of Shakespeare in the First Folio text which bear Messrs. Simpkin & Marshall's name on the cover and Mr. William Ludlow's on the title-page, have been increased by a copy of *Romeo and Juliet*, which may be recommended to playgoers and others.

In a handsome and convenient volume, with a good marginal commentary and a sufficient introduction to the whole and to each book, Canon Churton has edited (Whitaker) the *Uncanonical and Apocryphal Scriptures* of the Old Testament. In doing this he has not confined himself to what may be called the semi-canonical Apocrypha of the English Version, but has given the portions excluded from the latter, and has compared the various versions. He has thus arranged perhaps the best attainable handy edition in English of matter which, though sectarian caprice has succeeded in throwing discredit on it, is of great interest, and in parts of extraordinary literary value.

We have to notice the tenth issue of *Street's Indian and Colonial Mercantile Directory for 1884-5* (Street & Co.)

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 33 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

(2) *L'idée de responsabilité*. Par L. Lévy-Bruhl. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *Sedan: les derniers coups de feu*. Paris: Dentu.

(4) *De Paris au Tonquin*. Par Paul Bourde. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(5) *Généraux et soldats d'Afrique*. Par le Capitaine Blanc. Paris: Plou.

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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